

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,143 Vol. 121.

22 January 1916.

[REGISTERED AS A] 6d.  
NEWSPAPER.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .	73	MIDDLE ARTICLES—continued.		CORRESPONDENCE—continued.	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Essays in Imitation: VI.—L-nd		Pecksniff's Third Daughter . . .	88
The Neutrals and German Food . . .	76	and W-t-r . . . . .	83	Pan-German Kultur . . . . .	88
The Defence of London . . . . .	77	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Marne . . . . .	88
Is England Still Germanised? . . .	78	Farmers and Compulsion (Colonel		REVIEWS:	
The Great War: Appreciation		Dudley Buckle) . . . . .	84	The Soldier Poet . . . . .	89
(No. 77). By Vieille Moustache . .	79	The War and Spiritual Forces . . .	84	Jewels, Charms, and Precious	
SPECIAL ARTICLE:		Holland House and "Eltham		Stones . . . . .	89
The Breakdown of International		House" (Lord Ilchester) . . . .	85	Sussex Sketches . . . . .	90
Law. By W. R. Willson . . . . .	80	"A Shakespeare Tercentenary Sug-		An Egyptian Night's Entertainment	91
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		gestion" . . . . .	86	"All Things Holy and High" . . .	91
Memorials. By Harold Begbie . . .	82	Mr. Lloyd George and the Premier-		Educational Books . . . . .	91
Private Opinions: III.—The Com-		ship . . . . .	87	Books Received . . . . .	94
mon People and the Twenty-two.		The Case of Captain Vandeleur . .	87		
By Irene Beresford-Hope . . . . .	83	Increment Value Duty and the			
		Lumsden Case (Lord Desborough)	87		

Next week the SATURDAY REVIEW will publish "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'", by Mr. Thomas Hardy.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Military Service Bill is not yet literally law, but the bad, vain opposition to it is crumbling up and wilting away. A certain amount of superficial damage has been done to it in Committee this week, thanks to M.P.'s for people with "Consciences"—i.e., M.P.'s with constituents and supporters who do not want, if they can possibly dodge out of it, either (1) to fight for their country in peril, or (2) to work for their country in peril. But the Bill is destined to receive the assent of the King, despite all such artful dodgers; and, though it may leave them out, it will bring in the best part of a million or three-quarters of a million of men for (1) fighting, and others for (2) working. As for the people who have been fighting this Bill in Parliament—immeasurably, infinitely, the most valuable Bill this Government or the last Government have brought in—the country will not forget them.

We hope that the Government will rush the final stages of the Bill through Parliament without an hour's delay, and that no one in the House of Lords will think for a moment of any action likely to take it back to the Commons. Because it is supremely necessary that the country should have this Bill the law of the land now, at once. Tribunals or no tribunals, it will bring in the men.

After the Bill is literally law the people will not stand any treason-mongering towards it, sly or open. They will not suffer loose talkers to hold forth against it at meetings. And the people will herein be absolutely right. Those, then, who may be thinking of any mischievous adventure of the kind had better take warning by what has happened lately at one or two peace meetings in London—comparatively harmless meetings.

One word to those who complain of the Bill that it is partial, who truly wish that it compelled the married as well as the unmarried. The answer is that the whole of our Parliamentary history and our tradition is informed by compromise, and this Bill is a compromise. It is most unwise and unpractical to stand aside from the measure in a too severe mood because it does not yield us all we asked for. Every British statesman who has done anything for his country, and every Government that has had the smallest success, has been driven to compromise. Under our system there is no escape from it: it is in the blood and bones of the British Constitution and the British Parliament and the British public.

But the debates were not entirely jejune: they included a splendid speech by Sir George Reid, the new M.P. for St. George's, Hanover Square. Sir George Reid was born in 1845, but there is in him more youth, more virile force, more helpfulness, true optimism, more good stuff generally, than in the whole little pack who have been trying to kill the Bill in Parliament. In a few straight, clear words he swept away some entirely foolish remarks on Lord Kitchener, made short shrift with the cant about compulsion, and gave a whole-hearted support to the Bill. Nothing could have been better or better done.

Mr. Rowland E. Protheroe, in a letter to the "Times" on Tuesday, draws a very clear distinction between the Prussian militarism which is talked of by opponents of the Service Bill and the democratic service in arms of a nation. He writes more particularly of France where "conscription", the system whereby the rich buy fighting substitutes and whereby military service is not democratic at all, has been abolished in favour of the common obligation upon all alike. Loose orators who talk of conscription upon English platforms invariably abuse the word. Conscription years ago got a bad name, not because it imposed service upon all eligible men, but because it did not impose service upon those who could afford to shuffle out of

it. This bad name is now used by opponents of National Service in England to hang the idea of military service outright!

For several weeks the story of the war has been so confused with rumours that every bit of unofficial news needs as much confirmation as a liar's evidence. Are we to believe that the enemy near Salonika, being short of food, has retired northward from the Greek frontier? Or has he made up his mind to leave the sacrifice of attack to the initiative of his opponents? General Sarrail, at any rate, is exceedingly busy, and the Franco-British troops are confident. Contingents of Allied troops have been landed at Mitylene. It is said that King Constantine has complained bitterly of the Allies, whose "high-handedness" he regards—so a confident rumour from Athens relates—as "an encroachment on the sovereignty of Greece".

But the most profuse rumours this week concern Montenegro. Many of them come from Italy, others from France; and the latest one of all contradicts most of the earlier flights. It is described as "a semi-official" paragraph printed in Rome, and it claims to give news communicated to the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs by the Montenegrin Consulate-General, in obedience to an order received from M. Muskovitch, the Montenegrin Premier, who on Wednesday evening arrived at Brindisi. King Nicholas of Montenegro and his Government, we are told, have now refused all the terms offered by Austria-Hungary; the King and his sons are with their troops, making preparations for a last stand; fighting has been resumed on all the fronts.

Earlier rumours declared that King Nicholas had capitulated unconditionally, and had given his sword to the enemy commander; that there had been no fighting for about two months, because King Nicholas, preferring a line of conduct very different from that of King Peter of Serbia, had come to shrewd terms with his foe; that the fighting had been most heroic, as the Montenegrins fired away their last ammunition; that two Montenegrin Generals, disgusted with their King, had joined the Serbian forces, either with or without cartridges for their rifles; and so forth. Who is to pick out truth from this Babel of conflicting gossip? One thing only is certain: that the capture of Mount Lovtchen in a short time implies something amiss in the state of Montenegro.

The British force under General Aylmer, V.C., advancing to the relief of Kut-el-Amara, has fought another action. The Turks, after their defeat on 8 and 9 January, retired to another position on the Tigris, about twenty-five miles from Kut. Here, on 13 January, they were attacked by General Aylmer, and once more the Turks declined to fight a decisive battle, preferring to retreat after a day's encounter. Meantime, Field-Marshal von der Goltz has visited the Turkish troops in the neighbourhood of Kut. Very bad weather delays both armies. Yet General Aylmer has now arrived within seven miles of his objective.

In the Caucasus, along a front of about seventy miles, the Russians have won a big success over the Turks, driving them from their positions, and sending them in a rout towards Erzurum. This Russian offensive extended from Lake Tortum, on the Black Sea side, to a point north of Melazgert in the Armenian country. There is reason to believe that it has advanced in one part as far as the town of Köpri-Keui, about thirty-three miles from Erzurum. The Turks have partially admitted their retreat, but declare that they have made a rally with reinforcements and stopped the Russians.

Very little news has come from the Western Front. Lille has been shelled for the first time by the British, with what effect the Germans do not admit; and a good air raid on Metz during Tuesday night has re-

venged a German air raid on Nancy. British aeroplanes have been very active and have suffered several defeats from the new Fokker monoplane that Germany has built. Two of them were lost on 17 January. Sir Edwin Cornwall will call attention in the House of Commons to the reputed superiority of the new German machine, and will ask for a detailed account of the recent air fights on our Western Front. There have been several questions in the House this week which show increasing anxiety as to our fourth arm. The new Fokker aeroplane is clearly a formidable weapon, and our airmen at the front are not enjoying their former undisputed command of the air.

Mr. Tennant, speaking in the House of Commons, has given the total number of German casualties, calculated upon reports available on 21 December or a little later. The figures—2,535,768—are enormous. The total is made up as follows: Killed, 588,986; died, 24,080; wounded, 1,566,549; missing and prisoners, 356,153.

We deal this week in a leading article with the difficult and serious problem of blockade. The dead centre of this problem is the need to reconcile the reasonable interests of neutrals with our own resolution to strangle the dealings of the enemy. The difficulties are immense, and they are often unfairly slurred by some instructors of the public. Lord Robert Cecil, who has lately had the handling of this matter in Parliament, has lived continually with the intricacies of the blockade problem, and has dealt with it ably and with great courage. He has made it clear to all reasonable critics that much of the loose talk about starving Germany is beside the mark. Tightening the blockade, as to which we are to hear from the Government at large next week, is another matter.

The attaching of the von Papen papers was an excellent stroke of the British authorities. Their publication shows what President Wilson has long known and very emphatically denounced—namely, that the German agents in the United States have frequently conspired in the most direct way to destroy American property. There is a sum of 700 dollars, for example, traced from Papen to Horn, who blew up the bridge at St. Croix. One wonders what would be the position of neutrals to-day if the parts of Great Britain and Germany in the war were transposed. Suppose Germany had command of the sea and wished to strangle the commerce of Great Britain. How would international law fare? What respect would be given to neutral interests? How would the power which secretly suborns its agents to dynamite neutral property treat neutral cargoes passing the seas?

The question of shipping freights is undoubtedly one of the most serious with which the Government has to deal. Freights are rapidly and continually rising, and there really seems to be no limit to their increase so long as they are sanctioned by the Government. This is not the time to leave such matters to the laws of supply and demand. The public looks to a clear statement from Mr. Runciman—something more clear and detailed than his brief answers in the House on Wednesday.

The news that Sweden has forbidden the export of wood-pulp to Great Britain disagreeably reminds us that we almost entirely depend on a foreign country for a commodity which could well be supplied from imperial sources. There is raw material in Canada and Newfoundland: there is a market at home. We entirely agree with the "Times": all that is needed is a guarantee that an infant industry will be protected in its earliest undertakings. This should be looked into at once. A lasting remedy against famine lies in the hand of the Government. We shall return to this important matter in a future issue.

There was a tired conversation in the House of Lords on Tuesday concerning the new Parliament Bill



with its Radical appendage as to plural voting. The Bill was allowed to pass. There are some things which cannot in these days be opposed with decency. They are too contemptible.

Clearly public economy has almost no chance at all with the Cabinet just now. Lord Middleton tells a lamentable story of evasion and neglect in this vital matter, and Lord Rosebery sadly expostulates. Lord Middleton's retrenchment committee is kept adjourned and its advice is set aside before it reaches Parliament. The spirit abroad in this matter is described by Lord Middleton as "rollicking". Vacant posts in the Civil Service are filled up automatically: children must still learn at the public expense from five, though six is the Continental age: over 1,000 land valuers are valuing churchyards at a salary. Ireland, as usual, is exempt; and Mr. Lloyd George, notoriously lavish, is specially excepted from the Committee's province of enquiry. Meantime, the financial experts, like Lord St. Aldwyn and Lord Milner, have really nothing to do. Perhaps their advice might be even more unpleasant than the advice of Lord Middleton's Committee. One thing at least we must in decency require of the Government. Let there be no more speeches and lectures about thrift. The public will simply retort:

"Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;  
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own rede."

The Mile End contest brings air—and, from Mr. Billing, some gas as well—into local politics. It is a fourth arm election. Mr. Billing stands as a business-government airman. Mr. Warwick Brookes, who stands against him, since he cannot stand as an airman, stands instead as the champion of a Ministry of the Air. This election is significant. It shows that the public is keenly interested in air defence, and that the quiet way in which the public accepts the assurances of the Government in regard to the defences of London covers a good deal of anxiety. A very hard and exact account of its wardship will be required of the Government should anything go conspicuously amiss in some future raid. The attention with which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's letter on the possibility of immediate and effective reprisals has been received witnesses also to the present temper of the public in regard to the Zeppelin defences.

Sir George Buchanan's address to the English Colony in Petrograd is quick with faith in Russia and in the future of our alliance with Russia. But, in one most interesting passage, he dwelled upon the chief difficulty of a great European league—namely, the number of heads and counsels. "Some years ago", said Sir George, "I met at the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street the recently appointed German Ambassador, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein. The hostess took us into the historic chamber where the meetings of the Cabinet are held, and after replying to a question regarding the number of members, she turned to the Ambassador and asked, 'And how many are you in Berlin?' 'One', was the curt reply."

The case of the King v. Sir Frederick Loch Halliday is a striking illustration of the effect of war upon things like Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury. It is now settled that under the Defence of the Realm Act the King in Council can put his subjects into prison without trial and keep them there. This takes us back to the days of the Tudor Council. In a sense we live under a dictatorship. But unfortunately it is a dictatorship of twenty-two.

The Prince of Wales formally accepted his "first work of a public character" when he presided on Monday as chairman of the War Pensions Committee.

The Prince, in his speech to the meeting, dwelled on the devotion and loyalty of those whom it so clearly concerns the public to help in their need. He said he was proud to follow the tradition which has always identified the Crown with a personal care for our soldiers and sailors. The Prince's speech and the way in which he has accepted his duties have that quality of quiet service, entirely natural and free of pose, which we have come to associate peculiarly with the royal name and part during the war.

The attempt to assassinate the Emperor Yuan-Shai-Kai was reported by the Exchange Telegraph Company on Wednesday to have failed. Yuan-Shai-Kai is perhaps the most remarkable man in the Far East, certainly in China, to-day, and much depends on him. Those who know the Emperor well find a spark of true genius and the gift of great leadership in him. We rejoice that the villainous attempt on his life has failed.

Mr. Wickham Steed's speeches and articles on European diplomacy are always well worth careful study. He is one of the few men who have a real grip of foreign affairs. We note that, in his lecture in the Birmingham University on Wednesday, he openly doubted that war would in 1914 have been avoided if Great Britain had declared at once that she would come in with France and Russia. This is a point of sharp division between those who have followed the events of July and August 1914 at all closely. We can all agree war might have been avoided if the last Government had prepared for it instead of weakly offering Prussia half-holidays, etc.

Two peace meetings have ended in violence and uproar this week. The worst of them was at Islington, where one of the talkers led the platform in an attempt to resolve that Great Britain should leave her Allies in the pass and sneak out of the war into quiet and safety. The meeting was an open one, and the audience happened to contain a majority who objected to hear disloyal and silly talk which could have no other object than to place the British Empire in the position of Montenegro. The other meeting was at Bishopsgate, where Mr. C. R. Buxton again tried to put his curious views to an impatient audience. Both meetings required the shepherding care of the police. It seems hard that the public services should at this time be taxed and bothered in this way. If these meetings must needs be permitted, why should the police be required to protect them?

What are these stories from America of Mr. Francis Neilson and his speeches? We have looked into the record of Mr. Neilson and it seems to be no more remarkable than the career of any other Radical politician in the years before the war. His foible was the land; but this was a respectable foible shared by the majority of his friends and colleagues. He has also written some innocent plays. Surely there is nothing here to suggest that he should now be saying unusual things in America.

Several proprietors of cocoa have written to the Press to explain that it is not their cocoa which goes to the enemy. These letters would not be necessary if the word "cocoa" simply referred to a harmless drink. But "cocoa" means more than that. It means politics. It is not only a word: it is a byword; so that as soon as it is mentioned everyone becomes alert and sensitive. When it is said that cocoa is exported to the enemy it becomes at once necessary for cocoa to write and explain that cocoa is not guilty, even though no one has made or even suggested a charge.

"To fear God and to have no other fear is a maxim of religion, but the truth of it and the wisdom of it are proved day by day in politics". These words, once jotted down on one of his papers by a supreme Englishman and ruler, Lord Dalhousie, are much to the point to-day; and our statesmen ought to be impregnated with them.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE NEUTRALS AND GERMAN FOOD.

FOR several reasons we have preferred to be sparing of comment on the question of the blockade and of food and other war supplies passing into Germany. In the first place, one thing at a time—at any rate, one great thing at a time—is an absolutely essential rule in Press criticism or agitation if that criticism or agitation is to have any real useful effect. It has taken over a year to drive into the public mind, and to force clean to the front, the greatest need and the simplest need so far of the war—namely, compulsory military service for all fit men between the ages of 19 and 41. There is not the faintest doubt that if public men and the Press had concentrated on this step—without which the war cannot be won and Great Britain cannot do her duty to the full—when the true voluntary impulse died down in 1914 the difficulty would have been settled some time ago. It was put off and put off, dawdled and sentimentalised over in a maddening way; and as a result we are only now, after a year and a half of unsuccessful war on land, getting it through. For months past one has dreaded lest the Government, gradually being wound up for the effort, should suddenly fall to pieces over some other question; in which case another Government made of much the same material, two-and-twenty very likely instead of twenty-two, would have been got together in a hurry; and then the whole drawn-out, exasperating process of making up its mind and working towards a decision on Compulsion would have had to be repeated afresh. By good fortune the twenty-two have somehow escaped the fatal blow that has always been threatening them, and Compulsion, the best stroke of the war, so far as home management is concerned, is virtually secured. We are going to get the men now—that is the supremely essential thing that is rejoiced in by everyone who really desires the Allies to win the war; had the Government been put out over some other pressing or highly agitated question during the last few weeks or months we should not have got the men. The whole matter would have been once more indefinitely delayed. That is one of the reasons—and the chief reason—why some of us refrained from piling up a case against the Government over the question of the blockade and the overseas supplies of Germany.

Another reason has been this: the question is exceedingly delicate and exceedingly difficult. It is a perilous question, if Neutrals, large or small—or large and small combined—count from a military standpoint; and it is just one of those questions in which, beyond the least doubt, indiscreet interference may easily work grave damage. The cards are not on the table, and outsiders, however patriotic and able, do not know exactly what the players hold or what is their line of play. Once admit that these Neutrals do count from a military standpoint, that it is better to have them more or less with us than openly arrayed against us, it follows that they must be treated with tact and care. They must in such a case be treated diplomatically; and the more powerful of them must be treated gingerly, which can only be done by means largely of secret negotiations.

So that a question such as this, of Germany being supplied with war material—for food, of course, is absolute war material, as necessary as powder and shot—by Neutrals is clearly no simple question such as compulsory or national service, which every man who is not a pure fool can and should reach a decision about. The difficulties of this Neutrals question for those out-

side the small ring of Ministers who have the negotiations in hand were, we thought, admirably stated in an article in the "Morning Post" one day last week. We have never seen the matter put more sanely and wisely, and we advise any reader who has not seen that article to turn back to it.

But the same journal and several others have during the past week also published a mass of figures as to the supplies passing in 1915 from overseas into Holland, Denmark, and Sweden that very nearly take away one's breath. Some of these figures are certainly not so guilty as they look. For example, suppose we found that Holland or that Denmark took in 1915 twice, thrice, or four times as much corn from the United States as she took from the United States in 1912 or 1913; it would not follow she passed the difference on to Germany, for owing to the war she may have failed to import from Germany in 1915 any of the corn which in peace time reaches her from that source. There are sure to be many instances of the kind, as any expert in the trade and figures of these Neutrals will grant. But, taking the figures as a whole, is it possible for a reasonable man to doubt that Germany to-day is being supplied by the United States of America with substantial quantities of the necessities of life, and that these are passed on to her through the Neutral States on the Continent? Is it possible to doubt that the British Navy, though it completely rules the seas to-day and has killed direct German commerce overseas, is itself in large measure baulked, and even defeated, by these Neutrals, or, perhaps it is fairer to say, by a certain number of enterprising and purely self-interested traders in these Neutral States—for, of course, we do not suggest that the Governments themselves and their officials are working for Germany. On the contrary, we believe they are doing nothing of the kind. There can be only one answer in reason—the figures, showing huge increases since the war, when taken as a whole, do point past doubt to the fact that Germany is getting supplies of various necessities of life from overseas through Neutral countries. The temptation is necessarily immense, for the money profit to those who sell to Germany is so large; many months ago the price of cotton, if we remember aright, was ninepence a bale, but the price in Germany was something like two and ninepence; war profiteering can exist in other countries than England!

A rigorous rationing of the Neutral States in Europe in regard to the articles for which there is a keen German demand, a rationing of them, we fear, somewhat below the normal peace standard, seems to be about the most effective way of ending this thing. It would not be liked, either in the United States or in the Neutral countries on the Continent. We wish we could take seriously the passages in several American newspapers lately to the effect that severer measures, that an effective blockade, would be "welcomed" there; but we are afraid we cannot take those passages seriously. Rigorous rationing, a thoroughly effective blockade, whatever be the method—it will *not* be popular among our friends, either the great one or the small ones. It is only human nature—to say nothing of commercial instinct—that it should be unpleasant.

Nevertheless, if the Allies are to win the war this side of the centenary of the Battle of Peterloo—if they are to win it at all—the line of Germany's food communications must be broken. We trust the Government will, so soon as their hands are free of the Military Service Bill, concentrate on this matter and



see it sternly through. They have the irresistible weapon ready to their hand. Lincoln would not have hesitated for a moment to use it. Nor should we, who have, in Germany, a far deadlier and more villainous opponent to account for.

### THE DEFENCE OF LONDON.

IT is now several months since London was visited by the Zeppelins; but no one imagines for a moment that we have seen the last of these murdering craft. Rather there is a growing feeling—it is encountered everywhere—that the late peace enjoyed by the people of London is ominous rather than reassuring. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is felt to be the German design. The next raid is expected to be on a larger scale than the previous ones. Meantime there is an increasing uneasiness as to the steps being taken, or not being taken, by the Government to meet this very serious and real threat from the air. The public is hoping, rightly or wrongly, that the Government is taking very thorough and precise measures against an attack by Zeppelins upon London. It has no sure evidence that these measures are as wholesale and as definite as they should be; but it has consented to put aside its doubts and "sleep easily in its bed" in deference to high assurances and a sense that the authorities should have fair play.

There is peril for the Government in this seeming confidence of the London public. The authorities have pleaded for mystery in this matter of the Zeppelins. They have never plainly said who is responsible, what is being done, how easy or difficult it is to ward off the worst consequences of attack. They have taken up the attitude that the public must trust the men in control, and the public has consented to trust them. The results of this attitude, should the public trust prove unfounded, would be very serious. If anything approaching the confusion shown during the last raid should be again displayed by the anti-aircraft authorities the Government would be most severely censured and brought to account. The authorities must not for a moment allow themselves to be deceived by the apparent ease and cheerfulness of the public in this matter. If, after the assurances of the Government that all is well and the lack of any clear warning as to what we may expect to happen during the coming raid, there should be any serious loss of life in London, together with the same dispersed, amateurish, and surprised efforts at prevention, there will be a very loud public outcry, which will do more to damage the Government than anything which has occurred since the forming of the Coalition. The public would not forgive the Government for its false security. It will feel that at least it should have been warned. It would understand a frank confession that, when everything possible has been done, defence is difficult and that London must be ready to suffer. It will not understand or excuse the least sign of confusion, hesitation, or surprise. The public will look for evidence, when next the authorities are tested, that the Government has seriously thought about and organised the defences of London and that responsibility has been definitely assigned to qualified men.

Does the Government realise how absolutely the public has agreed to trust it in this matter? The authorities have been left entirely free to prove their mettle. Many things are noticed which, apart from this agreed confidence of the moment, might reasonably be regarded as disturbing. We still hear of men of no experience whatever giving spare hours of the night, after their day's work is done, to the business of defending the vast wealth and population of London from a formidable enemy. We do not know what proportion of the anti-aircraft section is seriously manned by experts, what proportion by amateurs. We have just learned that the defence of London is still under the control of the Admiralty, but we are ignorant

as to the position of the supreme organiser and commander.

The public in all these matters is in the dark; but—and here is a serious and perilous responsibility for the Government—the public will require evidence at the next raid that the authorities have acted according to a strict and pondered system. The assumption that they have put things in order is made, but it is streaked with some misgiving. The word "unprepared" has so often turned up in critical times that a loyally blank faith in the Government's foresight is hardly to be expected. It has at any rate occurred to Mr. Pemberton Billing, the Independent candidate for Mile End, that one constituency at least might like to have in the House a flying member to keep the authorities in a state of vigilance. It is significant that Mr. Warwick Brookes, instead of belittling the campaign of his airman opponent, meets him by going one better and asking for an Air Ministry. These men are sensible of undercurrents which lie below the surface serenity of the public in this matter, and their speeches are worth observing.

The last Zeppelin raid had just enough success to whet the enemy's desire for an aerial invasion upon a larger scale. In the notable book just published by Mr. F. W. Lanchester\*, and introduced by the Director-General of Military Aeronautics, there is a very pertinent discussion of the profit of air raids upon an enemy's capital. So long as only civilians are murdered and buildings sporadically destroyed or damaged no military harm is done; but the total or partial destruction of a capital city would be a blow at the nerve centre of war and government. The conclusions drawn by Mr. Lanchester from a close and technical consideration of aircraft of every type and form is that the question of defending large towns against enemy aircraft will shortly be one of the most serious and difficult in modern warfare. Long views as well as short views point to our instant need for thoroughly organising the fourth arm in all its branches. Curiously enough London is now suffering from Germany's military mistake in specialising in the big dirigible. Our armies have hitherto had the lead of the German armies in the aeroplane, which is the more efficient and valuable military weapon in the field. For this lead the civilians of London have to pay in the visits of the special craft in which so much money and science have been invested. The Zeppelin, though it has proved almost useless as a military weapon, is excellently well designed for stealthy and murderous invasion of civilian country. Mr. Lanchester holds that invasion of the air can only be met in the air. He pleads that we should build continually, and he makes out an overwhelming case for putting Great Britain aerially in the position she holds, and must continue to hold, by sea. The time is near when Great Britain will be no longer an island unless the air be as insulated as the land. Even during this present war aerial invasion must increase tremendously in scope and effectiveness. In no department will more foresight, system, experiment, and expert knowledge be required than in the administration of the British air service.

Mr. Lanchester raises the question on which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written this week to the "Times"—the question of defence by reprisals. Could we not establish a reprisal camp near the German frontier, and answer immediately and as effectively as possible every raid into British territory for the purpose of destroying non-combatant lives and property? Have we enough machines for this when the needs of the fighting forces have been met? Effective reprisals would stop the raids. Whether they can be effectively made now or in the near future must be at present left, like every other question in regard to this matter, in the hands of the authorities. They are the wardens, and all we can usefully do at present is to point out to them that a very exact and strict account will be required of their wardship.

\* "Aircraft in War." Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

## IS ENGLAND STILL GERMANISED?

WE desire the complete recovery of England from imported German influences. It is very far from our wish to raise such a hue and cry as would be a man hunt; but Germans have had a long reign in the British Isles, and their sway ought to be ended. Last week in the House of Commons Mr. Brace told his countrymen officially that, after seventeen months of war, the male enemies at large, excluding those in Ireland, numbered 12,537. These figures comprise 5,088 Austrians and 7,449 Germans. As for the women who are alien enemies, yet free, they number from ten to eleven thousand, of whom about two-thirds are German and about one-third Austrian. Altogether, then, more than 22,000 alien enemies are not yet interned, though every alien foe who has brain enough to be a spy is a person to be put away from mischief. No exception ought to be made in favour of the women, and for two reasons. When they set their minds to the work women are good spies; but, whether bad or good as collectors of facts, they are as likely as men to stir up popular feeling against the enemy aliens at large in our towns. After air raids on English towns, and after so many murders by land and sea of English civilians, it is a foolish provocation to let alien enemies use the freedom of our streets. This liberty is very unfair to them, for it is resented by English people. Are we to suppose that a just resentment in the public is a thing to be trifled with by official dawdling? To intern the enemy is to protect them and the nation's interests.

Even in the prohibited areas, where no alien can live without an order from the Home Office and without consent from the Chief Constable, sixty-seven male Austrians are free, and 442 male Germans. Kent has fifteen Germans and two Austrians; Northumberland seventy-four Germans and seventeen Austrians; while the east and south coasts have forty-eight Austrians and 353 Germans. Have these foreigners a strategical fondness for certain parts of England? And how in the world can the Home Office, or any Chief Constable, look into the secret aims and efforts of 509 Austro-Germans? No seismograph has yet been invented to test the character of a cultured person. What the Home Office needs is an instrument much more delicate than that which registers the distant tremors of an earthquake. Then the seismic agitation inside a German might be registered—and soon we should have more internment camps.

Meantime, we cannot believe that the Home Office can add to its many duties a perfect connoisseurship in the divination of German character. To give the Home Office order to 442 male Germans is to put overmuch strain on omniscience, seeing that their liking for our country is Kentish, Northumbrian, and a coaster along the south and east. Who are these Germans? What are their trades and professions? How many of them are rich and how many poor? And another point is this—that those alien enemies who are most to be feared at the present time are those who have been apt enough to win for themselves a good reputation. The more they are trusted here the more useful they can be to their own country. Long ago Germany made up her mind to conquer England in England, partly by "peaceful" penetration into her economic life and partly by using spies in every district and in every social class.

Besides, every German *ought* to be our foe since his native land imperils her future in the hope that she may conquer us. A German false to his own country is not less unnatural than a renegade Englishman who serves Germany. There was much candour in that duplex patriot, Herr Ahlers, who acted as German Consul at Sunderland, and who was tried for high treason on 8 December 1914. "Though I am a naturalised British subject", he said, "I am German at heart. You would not consider me a 'sport' if I said otherwise. If you had lived in Germany for twenty years you would still be a Briton". Herr Ahlers knew that the German law regards a German as for ever a German. Even the German-American is

claimed as a German subject by Germany. And the knowledge of this fact, added to a military training, must be a national discipline among German aliens everywhere.

Here and there a German alien grows into the spirit of his adopted country; but only a sentimental Government in a time of war would regard this uncommon fact as a good excuse for leaving at large a great many Germans who are not hyphenated. No matter how rich an enemy alien may be, or how useful he may have been to party funds, he is to-day a just object of suspicion, and should be interned. As for the variegated German—naturalised in this country, yet claimed as her own by Germany—he may be more dangerous than any other, partly because an unnatural duality in his patriotism may be a phase of Prussian cunning, and partly because of the remarks made by Mr. Asquith on 13 May 1915. "If a man is a British subject, with the legal rights of a British subject", said Mr. Asquith, "the *prima-facie* presumption is that he is going to perform his duty".

To which country? A scrap of paper cannot make a German into a British subject—unless the German is British at heart before he asks for the scrap of paper. Even then he is guilty of treason to his native land from the standpoint of German law. And who is to know for certain which naturalised German is entirely loyal, and which prefers the bifold patriotism of Herr Ahlers? These questions are not answered by the Prime Minister's *prima-facie* assumption that because a man has the legal rights of a British citizen, therefore he will perform his duty as a British subject.

Since 1864 there has been nothing in Germany's conduct to justify the assumption that her men and women have a torpid patriotism, or that they are fit at the present time to be loyal colonists under an adopted flag. On the contrary, their vile strategy in politics, in trade, in commerce, in war, in spying, as in the writing of history, justifies a very different assumption: that few of them would scruple to employ naturalisation in order to help German craft with the least possible danger to their own safety. Never to trust a German—never to trust him politically—is the logical caution that we should all get from fifty years of history. No astute nation should hatch the cuckoo eggs of German forethought and cunning. Italians know even more about this matter than we do.

So the Bill dealing with enemy firms and companies in our towns is as welcome as it is late. It will help to cleanse our national life of the Germanisation by which for many years it has been corrupted, thanks to those British-born patriots whose spiritual home was not in the British Isles, or who delighted to be reminded of Germany on their Christmas cards and in the Privy Council, in lists of new knights, and in catalogues of kitchen pans and kettles, by Berlin wool and German bands, and by thousands of other things, including memorial brasses and Acts of Parliament. Our country nourished with her Free Trade the militarism of Prussia. But now she has passed beyond the times when British golf and German greed were equally energetic, and equally eager to possess new lands.

As a proof of this fact we have the Government Bill of thirteen clauses to purge predominantly British companies of German shareholders, and thoroughly to amend our relations with enemy firms and companies, or with any person of enemy nationality or of enemy association, whose business is carried on in the United Kingdom, and whose influence needs the control of our Board of Trade. The measure lays down that the Board of Trade by an Order can prohibit the person, firm, or company from carrying on the business during the continuance of the present war, except for some purpose named in the Order. At any moment it can cause the business to be wound up. And the Board may either revoke or vary its Order, so that a continual watch may be kept over the business. To supervise the carrying out of its Order, the Board may appoint a Controller, and his expenses, with other costs, will be paid from the assets of the



business and will be charged in priority. In England and Ireland an Official Receiver may be appointed Controller; and clause 2 empowers the Board of Trade to appoint an inspector or a supervisor to find out whether a business comes within the scope of this Bill. All the clauses are vigilant, but their public value depends mainly on vigour in the Board of Trade. The Public Trustee will have power over enemy patents which were not sealed and completed in July, 1914; and the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies will have the right to refuse registration to a company if any proposed director is an alien enemy, or if any subscriber to the memorandum of association has failed to get himself naturalised. It is a drastic Bill, and we hope it will not be made inert by official somnolence.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 77) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

### MONTENEGRO.

THE Allies, in spite of nigh seventeen months' experience of war, seem still doomed to learn the first principles of the art from the mouth of hostile cannon. The sad confession made but three months ago in the halls of the British Legislature by the Prime Minister of England of the many failings in method which had hitherto characterised the conduct of the struggle adumbrated at the same time the creation of machinery which would gear together the "brains" of the directing war staffs of all the F.I.R.E. Powers. "I attach very great importance first of all to a more complete and intimate co-ordination between the Staffs of the Allied Powers." "It is impossible to carry on these things in watertight compartments." "You must have co-ordination, contact, close, constant, practical, continuing. These are the general outlines—these are the views I desire to express to the House in regard to our position." As before remarked in these pages, this conception of method forms the very basic principle upon which war should be conducted. The Allies were fourteen months in search of the corner stone. A fanfare of trumpets announced the assembly of the new War Council of the Allies. Russia, Italy, Serbia sent their representatives to meet in Paris those of the Allied Western Powers. It is as well to note that these councillors were generals all. There is no intimation that sailors found a seat at a conclave where oversea ventures *must* have found a place on the agenda for discussion. It is evident that in the creation of this Allied War Council they have yet to find amongst them a man with that genius for war which is above rules. Two kingdoms since the inception of the Council have fallen to the enemy within as many months, and assets for peace of untold value have passed to the Central Powers. Facts are stubborn things, and an incomprehensible situation has again arisen in the Balkans. And yet how simple was the task to secure the key upon which depended the hopes not only of the existence of the small kingdom of Montenegro, but of some remnants of the stricken army of Serbia! To the Power whose business in hand is to master Austria-Hungary would naturally be allotted the task of handling operations on the fringe of the Adriatic Sea. The strategy which has led to the surrender of a land position dominating the finest harbour in that sea has yet to be explained. It would almost seem as if our old acquaintance "backsheesh" had entered the War arena. A force of 50,000 men, an insignificant number in the immensity of numerals about which we have grown to talk, should have sufficed if adequately munitioned to have held fast to Mount Lovtchen till doomsday. It is inconceivable that the transfer of such a force for a military operation was limited by existing naval conditions. The command of the Adriatic has not passed from the hands of the Allies. The submarine menace is one that naval experts have learnt to deal with. There are harbours,

or rather landing places, at Dulcigno and Antivari, both within Montenegrin territory, that could have afforded means of transporting men and material in sufficient quantity for a timely reinforcement at Mount Lovtchen, or even for offensive if need be with a view of robbing Austria of the vantage of a magnificent harbour. Italy, like France and England, is not a stranger to oversea combined operations. She tackled Tripoli in fine style in the initial stage of that war, and proved herself an amphibious Power of no mean standard. Here in the Adriatic we find a reversal of the lesson learnt both by ourselves in the past year and by our Allies the Japanese in 1904 and again in 1914, which is that the capture of a naval base is a land operation. In the seizure by the enemy of the great stronghold of Montenegro we see the key of a land base captured by means of fire effect from a sea base. It seems more than extraordinary that in this world contest, where the rivalry of guns has been the dominating factor in the combat, whether by sea or land, the defence of the mountain was not supplemented by modern weapons of power and accuracy. A group of howitzers firing from concealed positions on Mount Lovtchen would have made short work of the decks of those Dreadnoughts lying in the great harbour of Cattaro. Unmolested by hostile fire, the monster guns of these craft were able to be worked, as it were, from a steady platform, unswayed by wind or tide, with all the accuracy that obtains when cannon are sited on solid concrete. It is pitiable to read of the neglect of her Allies which left Montenegro with some old guns which fired *black powder*—a very godsend for an enemy in modern war. Our Italian Allies will have a new campaign before them. It is to their interest that Austria should be denied the opportunity of opening a new chapter in the history of her fleet. The harbour of the Bocche di Cattaro in the hands of her natural enemy is to Italy what the possession by an enemy of the Rhine mouths and of Antwerp would be to Great Britain. We have come to realise what such a situation would mean to us. We see that a gigantic effort is required, and acknowledge "the absolute military necessity" of raising men and more men for the purpose of dispossessing our foe of his conquests in the Netherlands. Italy will have equal sacrifice before her ere she recovers the vantage lost by a surrender of opportunity. It is possible that the varied ventures overseas to which the F.I.R.E. Powers are committed have robbed them of the means of transit for a new effort across waters, short as the journey may be. The huge rise in the cost of freight is not without significance. Is it owing to the claptrap call of trade or victory or the withdrawal of shipping for military necessity? The mercantile maritime services of the sea Powers have been called upon for unprecedented military effort. Expeditions in the present era of war are futile unless carried out with promptness and undertaken with numbers that run into six figures. Escorts have to be provided for these huge naval convoys to guard against the insidious under-water enemy. A hitch in the protective work, a shortage of transports, a spell of unfavourable weather, a thousand possibilities may arise which may block an oversea operation. An astute enemy will make his calculations beforehand. He will be well informed of the progress of preparation of his foe, and by a supreme effort he will anticipate a seaborne army in his objective. Opportunities in love or war seldom recur. Many a campaign has been lost by the sacrifice of a bold chance when it was offered, by a neglected opportunity. The preparation during a period of war of armies destined for operation in another theatre as a diversion is a study for many weeks for a great general staff. The policy which dictates the venture may originate in the minds of that thinking body itself or be the outcome of diplomacy. Germany is careful to see that her strategists and her statesmen are synonymous terms in a period of war. "Our strategy", says a leading German journal, "is soaked in the political aims which our statesmen have ever clearly before their eyes. That it is which leads us to

victory. Nothing but concentration and continuity of thought can give the military leader victory. This well thought out unity of plan has enabled the General Staff to declare that Germany has men and strength enough to make Serbia and the Balkans the central point of the war". It would be as well to remember that in adumbrating the scheme to endeavour to shift the centre of gravity of the War to the Balkan peninsula the statesmen of Germany were not insensible to the value of the Teuton taint which coursed in the veins of three of the monarchs of that region. Nations that have found military leaders in their kings in successful wars are shy of looking elsewhere for leadership. The confidence in a man begotten of victory is not easily dethroned. As Germany affords to her new Allies and to neighbouring neutrals in the Balkan peninsula proof after proof of the power of her arms, so in proportion accumulate the difficulties before the Allies. It was by deliberate and systematic preparation for many months and by the concealment of intention that the Germans sprung a surprise campaign on the Danube in the month of August 1915. The perfection of German organisation brought into work all the technical machinery that was required to overcome the first great obstacle to the passage of the river. It was accomplished, as we know, in good order, and not with excessive losses.

It is by the exercise of equal prescience that the thinking element in the War Council of the Allies can design a strategy that may afford hope for retrieving past errors. The coming spring should show the fruits of their deliberations. With a secure base at Salonika and with powerful striking forces ready for action, the great worth of the initiative in war should pass to the Allies. Such is the gift of sea power. Let us not again mishandle the priceless treasure.

### SPECIAL ARTICLE.

#### THE BREAKDOWN OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

By W. R. WILLSON.

MANY institutions have been attacked and discredited in the war, and of these not the least severely International Law. Lately Lord Bryce has spoken of it, in part at least, as a "shattered fabric", and Sir Edward Carson has expressed an apprehension as to its entire abolition. The immediate occasion for these opinions is clear enough. On the one hand we have the brutal indifference of the Germans to all restrictions on the conduct of war, on the other the growlings of neutrals—especially the United States—at our alleged interference with their rights. It is the breakdown of International Law in both these directions—which together constitute its whole sphere of influence in relation to war—that has led men to question its efficacy; indeed, its very existence. One of the commonest arguments against International Law is that based on the Austinian theory of law—namely, the want of an efficient sanction. Sir Edward Carson pointed out that once hostilities have begun this can only be found in the attitude of neutrals, and he admitted that such a sanction had signally failed to discover itself in the war. Lord Bryce held that one of the great tasks which the nations of the world will have to take in hand when the war is over will be the rebuilding, as far as possible, of the shattered fabric of International Law, and the guarding it with stronger sanctions than those which have proved so inadequate during the last eighteen months.

Whether—supposing the view of Sir E. Carson to be correct—the plan of Lord Bryce can be realised seems very questionable. Apart from sanction, one of the most striking shortcomings of International Law—and one wherein it most essentially differs from "Law" as generally understood—is the occasion of its production or promulgation. In Municipal Law legislation is directed to an existent state of things which demand a remedy. Not so with International Law: its legislation, whether by treaties, declarations, or conventions, so far as war is concerned, is always *ex necessi-*

*tate rei* somewhat of a leap in the dark. It is based upon past experience directed towards the regulation of a hypothetical state of future facts. It assumes that the next war will present the same or similar aspects as the past, and undertakes to legislate for possible belligerents and neutrals upon that hypothesis. This process of attempting to put new wine into old bottles inevitably meets with the well-known result—disaster to both wine and bottles.

To illustrate by two examples. It was sought during the American Civil War to apply the existing law of contraband to a new set of commercial conditions. To have done so would, in the eyes of the North, have spelt disaster for it; therefore, the old law of contraband had to be expanded by the new doctrine of "Continuous Voyage". Again, in its turn this doctrine of "Continuous Voyage" has been shown in the White Paper dealings with British blockade policy inadequate to protect our interests owing to the further development of modern commerce. These, it is pointed out, offer almost infinite opportunities of concealing the real nature of a transaction, and every device which the ingenuity of the traders or their lawyers can suggest has been employed to give to shipments intended for Germany the appearance of genuine transactions with a neutral country—efforts, of course, which have been greatly assisted by the fact that such *entrepôts* as Rotterdam and Copenhagen enjoy an important trade even in peace time.

It is perhaps this trammelling characteristic of International Law on what is after all for belligerents the *Suprema lex*—namely, *Salus populi*, this sacrifice of British lives in the interests of American lucre under the guise of tenderness for anachronisms, this allowing our eyes to be filled with "the dust of theories and technicalities" and our "blindness to the realities of the case", to quote Sir S. Evans, that has most seriously imperilled the authority of International Law. It has seemed to the plain man an outrage on common sense and fairness that those restrictions which International Law would impose on the conduct of war should be broken with impunity by our enemies without any serious attempt by neutrals to call their transgressors to account in the name of humanity; whereas a deviation from the old canons framed in the interests of commercialism, and not differing in principle from those already introduced by some of these very neutrals, when they were themselves belligerents, has led to peremptory remonstrances in defence of pockets already gorged with war profits. Reflections of this kind lead men to exclaim with Abraham Lincoln when introducing Compulsory Service: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country."

Yet another consideration which renders men impatient of the specious analogy underlying the application of the term "Law" to the regulation of international intercourse in war is this. Whereas in the region of Municipal Law its tribunals are busiest when decisions are most requisite, in that of International Law the few tribunals that exist are closed at the very moment when hostilities break out, and questions inevitably arise and urgently call for the ascertainment and application of its nebulous principles. No independent judicially minded body exists—nor, to judge by present indications ever can exist—for settling such questions. They are left to be determined either by partial prize courts, or they are relegated to the consideration of peace conferences by and by when all living interest in them has died out, and they are only fit for the theorising of philosophical jurists.

The fate of the International Prize Court and the Declaration of London, which was to have served for a code, and the failure of Sir E. Grey's proposal for the decision of the "Baralong" case by an American Naval Court support the view that such courts are impracticable.



So much for the way in which International Law has failed in its attempted regulation of the wartime intercourse of nations; and for its consequent loss of prestige. Let us now consider wherein lies the root of error responsible for this, and wherein lies the possible remedy.

It is submitted, then, that the error lies in the misapprehension of the possible functions and sphere of International Law, and a consequent misuse of the term. "Law" connotes order, submission, argument, reasoning, judgment. War is the negation of all these ideas. To attempt, therefore, to regulate warlike international intercourse by legal methods, to affect to cry peace where there is no peace, and to appeal to reason and argument, precedent and judgment, when once hostilities have begun, seems as reasonable as to expect oil and water to coalesce. On the other hand, it would be much to be regretted were the term "Law" dissociated from the rational regulation of international relations in time of peace, for "Law" has through the course of the ages acquired a sanctity and authority unknown to any other term. This suggested restricted employment of the term "International Law", it is conceived, would on the one hand tend to rehabilitate its reputation, now somewhat tarnished, and on the other *pro tanto* to discredit war.

If "Law" withdrew altogether from the reign of Might and confined herself to her proper sphere, the reign of Right; if she desisted from her vain attempt to regulate barbaric methods for the adjustment of differences, and left that task to those who are experts in that manner of argument and are most conversant with its newest developments and methods, very much in the same way as the rules of the prize ring are left to the professors of the noble art of self-defence, she would at once add to her own dignity. At the same time she would render all who aspired to the title of reasonable creatures shy of an appeal to that method of arbitrament which by her attitude she had placed outside the pale of civilisation. I do not suggest that the assumption of such a position by International Law would bring about an immediate and entire international revolution, and that we should witness forthwith a turning of swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks; or that nation would no longer rise up against nation, nor learn war any more. All I suggest is that International Law, by taking such a position, would conduce to peace a great deal more effectually than by her present Laodicean attitude whereby, by attempting to regulate, she seems to countenance and tolerate that which it should be her one object to supersede.

That the present ineffectual attitude of International Law is in large measure historical and due to the circumstances of its origin appears reasonably plain. Grotius composed his famous treatise under the influence of the feelings of horror aroused by the atrocities of the Thirty Years War. "Videbam", he says, in a well-known passage in his Prolegomena, "*per Christianum orbem vel barbaris gentibus pudendam bellandi licentiam: levibus aut nullis de causis ad arma procurri, quibus semel sumptis nullam jam divini, nullam humani Juris reverentiam, plane quasi uno edicto ad omnia scelera emissio furore*".

His very title, "*De Jure belli ac pacis*", emphasises the relative importance of the two branches of his subject matter, a view followed and acquiesced in by his later imitators and critics. Nor is this much to be wondered at, for in his and their days far the most important international relationship was that of war. Indeed, histories were until quite recent times little more than catalogues of wars and treaties, setting forth the numbers of the hosts, the tallies of the slain and the heads of agreements. His immediately inspiring topic was not only war, but a land war in which maritime matters were comparatively of small importance. Hence it happens that in his work less attention is paid to that branch of International Law in its relation to war which has caused most of those more modern refinements and intricacies that have led to its

loss of prestige and breakdown. Rather than a formal legal treatise, his work is an appeal for the conduct of war in accordance with those broad principles of Humanity which he conceives to be enshrined in those theoretical entities to which he makes so constant an appeal—the *Jus Gentium* and the *Jus Naturæ*: *Illā jus naturæ indicat, hic jus gentium*.

The generality of the principles to which I have just alluded is, further, well indicated by the following passage: "*Silent ergo leges inter arma sed civiles illæ et judicariæ et pacis propriæ non aliæ perpetuæ et omnibus temporibus accommodatæ*". Now the tendency of International Law in the course of its development, in accordance with the aspirations of its followers and professors, has been ever more and more away from this initial vagueness and simplicity of its founder. It has continuously sought to identify itself more intimately and exactly with Law in the Austinian sense. With those laws *civiles et judicariæ*, as opposed to those *perpetuæ et omnibus temporibus accommodatæ* to which alone Grotius made appeal.

Hence, I suggest, its breakdown in time of war. It is one thing by an appeal to our common human nature to seek to control the more brutal excrescences of a brutal method; it is quite another to attempt to embarrass men fighting for their lives with all the enmeshing paraphernalia of effete anachronisms, and to do so moreover in the name of "Law" when *ex hypothesi* they have long ceased to hearken to Reason:—

Πόλεις τ' ἔχουσαι διὰ λόγου κάμψαι κακὰ  
Φόνον καθαίρεισθ' οὐ λόγῳ τὰ πράγματα.

"States, although they have it in their power to settle wrongs by reason, nevertheless adjust their differences by bloodshed."

Therefore I suggest that whilst retaining the term International Law to express that system of substantive law and procedure which we hope will be more frequently resorted to for the rational regulation of international relations in time of peace, it should be dissociated from the idea of War. That regulations for the conformity of the conduct of war in consonance with the broad principles of Humanity might be left to be formulated and inculcated by the professors of the military art under the pressure of general opinion and the sanction of a moral ostracism like that which—unless present appearances are utterly deceptive—Germany will experience after the War.

In a word, the regulation of war should be left to soldiers just as that of pugilism is left to pugilists and that of the duel to duellists, in the confident expectation that, as the rules of the ring bear witness to and enforce the dictates of humanity, although no parts of the law of the land, so too these regulations of international combats, though no part of International "Law", will exert a like influence on those who take part in them.

Surely it is not too much to hope that if these principles are driven into the mind of the rising generation of soldiers of all nations, the horrors of war may be effectually restrained.

As to the relationship of belligerents and neutrals, that, I suggest, should be always regulated by arrangements *ad hoc*, by diplomacy. Indeed, to-day it is either by diplomacy, reprisals, or in the last resort by war or threats thereof, that these matters are for all practical purposes settled *durante bello*. It is only after the end of hostilities that they become the subject matter of International Law. I suggest that each belligerent, on the outbreak of war, should summon a conference of neutrals, whereat it should lay down the conduct it is prepared to pursue in its dealings with neutral commerce. This conduct need not necessarily be identical in each case, but moulded to meet the varying circumstances. Further, as the course of the war proceeds, supplementary conferences should be summoned to deal with those interests as affected by the variation and development of the situation.

That these suggestions will meet with strenuous opposition is only to be expected, but they coincide

more or less closely with a considerable body of current opinion which desires that these matters should be dealt with on a plane of fact and actuality and freed from the accretions of theory and technicality with which they are at present encrusted.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### MEMORIALS.

By HAROLD BEBBIE.

SWEET England, whose tallest hills only play at being mountains, and whose greatest heroes have ever had the heart of a child, this sweet, gentle, amiable, and most friendly land, with its pretty music, its cheerful stories, and its matchless lyrics, has become in these latter times the astonished centre of a World Empire. And growing in the last fifty years conscious of this bewildering greatness, England has lost something of her sweetness, something of her rapture, something of her serenity. To be quite frank, she has grown a little vulgar.

If you look back you will see on her walls the pleasant portraits of Romney and Gainsborough; you will hear in her gardens the happy music of Purcell and Bishop and Arne; you will see on her stage the unstudied beauty of Shakespeare and the gracious wit of Sheridan; and on her bookshelves you will find the gaiety, the humour, and the cheerful humanity of Dickens and Lamb, Fielding and Sterne, Burton and Browne. To-day, conscious, too conscious of her place in the world, England has set herself to imitate German music, French novels, Norwegian dramas, and American *revues*. Forgetful of her beautiful country and her delicious climate, she has flown to other skies for an alien muse. She has become a copyist. German music is the best music: therefore she would imitate German music. French novels are the best novels: therefore she would imitate French novels. English art is insular, provincial, elementary, childlike: therefore she would go abroad and lose her own soul in the marshes of imitation. She does not see that of its kind English music is the best in the world; that of its kind English literature is the noblest in the world; that of their kind English painting, English architecture, English furniture, and English china are the best in the world. She mistakes science for art, and thinks that the evolution of art, like that of science, is universal. She does not perceive that art is national, and that its evolution must be national. German music may be infinitely grander than English music; but if English music seek to express itself in that grandeur it will not only fail in its imitation, it will also lose its own sweetness and prettiness, in which it has the eminence. We need not go to the lengths of Mr. Isidore de Lara in his detestation of German music to applaud his excellent desire to revive our own national English music. Good luck to his courageous campaign, for English music down to the time of Sullivan had an incomparable sweetness. Everything that we do in art should be an evolution of our own home-born, historic, and climatic art. It should always have the note of happiness. The majesty of the Alps is one thing, the vigorous goodness of the Sussex Downs is another. No true Englishman is either revolutionary or pessimist. Except in one sorrowful field English art just now is at a standstill. This particular field is the field of memorial monument. And to show you the sad condition into which the art of this country has fallen, nearly all the orders for memorial brasses are now being showered (will you believe it?) upon clerical tailors! What our churches will look like when the war is over, heaven only knows. It is dreadful to think of the havoc that is now being made. Ancient walls, the light of heaven streaming upon them from lovely painted windows, will be loaded with hideous

brass tablets tortured from top to bottom and from side to side with undecipherable Gothic characters. The stricken father goes to the clergyman, the clergyman goes to the tailor, and the tailor deals out his order to an obsequious tradesman. For years our churches will be disfigured. Once set up a memorial, and for centuries it remains, no one having the heart to remove a symbol of love and sorrow. Let us pray that something may yet be done to arrest this disfiguring tide of uninstructed piety.

Mr. Lawrence Weaver has taken infinite pains to help the nation in this particular field of its ignorance. He has produced a most readable and a most excellently illustrated book entitled "Memorials and Monuments" ("Country Life" Office: 12s. 6d.), wherein we may see not only what is fit and beautiful in monument, and what is gracious and charming in lettering (a very important matter), but also what is the rightful spirit of an English inscription. Our memorials to our gallant Dead, if they would be worthy of English churches and true to the essential spirit of English character, must be modest and simple in form, dignified and tender in sentiment. The order-book of the clerical tailor must be avoided. The artist alone must be consulted. And guided by this exhaustive book of Mr. Weaver, those who desire to set up a memorial to son or father or brother may be sure that in after years such a memorial will be an inspiration to posterity—beautiful to the eye, seemly to the mind, and an incentive to the spirit. "No argument is wanted," says Mr. Weaver, "in pleading that such memorials shall tell not only by their appeal to the mind, but also to eyes apt to take pleasure in things fit and beautiful."

In the first sharpness of loss we are apt to express sympathy for the Dead with so much impatience of restraint that our elegy or our panegyric wears an exaggeration foreign to our true sentiments and foreign also to our national character. We are so anxious to make other people realise the noble qualities of our hero that we magnify our own sacred and intensely inward love for him. We say too much, when we could scarcely say too little. Chapter Eleven in Mr. Weaver's book gives us admirable guidance in this all-important respect. He quotes the inscription on the wall of the Gordon Chapel in Khartoum Cathedral—bronze letters on a stone wall:—

"Praise God for  
Charles George Gordon,  
A Servant of Jesus Christ,  
Whose Labour was not in Vain  
In the Lord."

And Palgrave's splendid lines:—

"Then he knew, not in vain,  
Not in vain for his comrades and England he bled;  
How he left her secure;  
Queen of her own blue seas, while his name and  
example endure."

Dear to him, as an Old Cliftonian, is Henry Newbolt's commemoration in Clifton College Chapel of his school-fellows who fell in South Africa:—

"Clifton, remember these thy sons who fell  
Fighting far over sea,  
For they in a dark hour remembered well  
Their warfare learned of thee."

And he quotes, too, the splendid simple words which enshrine the memory of a Graham who fell at Killiecrankie:—

"In the glory of his manhood  
Passed the spirit of the Græme."

But we need take no more of these inscriptions from the book to convince the reader that all such commemorative lines, if they are to be truly English and lasting in their appeal, must be calm, dignified, and strong.



I am told that the hideousness of so many memorials is attributable to the displeasing fact that many of the firms who do this work at the bidding of clerical tailors are either German in origin or have inherited German traditions. We must really put a stop to this condition of things, and the first obvious step in this direction is to avoid the clerical tailor. But we must go far further than this, and must set ourselves to cultivate in every sphere of our thoughts a confident and courageous English spirit. We must correct in ourselves the tendency to look abroad for excellence in art. We must not think that an Irishman named Foley becomes an admirable singer by calling himself Signor Foli, or that a pianoforte maker named Henry Rogers cannot make as beautiful a piano as—someone else who takes a German name. We must have faith in ourselves. Distrust of self tends to imitation of others, and imitation is the parent of all vulgarity.

There are signs that this struggle of the nations on the battlefield may tend to an intenser national life. England is throwing off already something of her snobbishness. There is a greater reality amongst us, a keener Englishness. Let us remember in watching these signs that no changes can be fruitful and permanent which are not in the direct line of our national evolution. We are a happy and a domestic people, living under a windy sky in the finest of lands, and the work of our climate on our souls is to make us strong, confident, self-reliant, and profoundly blithe. The main current of English existence, however interrupted by historic movements of an alien source, is a broad and spacious stream of lyric happiness. And the greatest son of England has told us that nought shall make us rue—come the three corners of the world in arms—if England to itself do rest but true.

Let us have done with the "old abusing of God's patience and the King's English".

#### PRIVATE OPINIONS:

##### III.—THE COMMON PEOPLE AND THE TWENTY-TWO.

By IRENE BERESFORD-HOPE.

FOR many years the men and women of England have not been taught that the needs of their country come before any private claim. "Die for good old 'Oxton? Not much!" says the civilian from that district. His refusal to become a soldier is not unreasonable if he believes Hoxton to be the object of England's sacrifices. If his country means nothing but the uncomfortable streets in which he lives and works, it were waste to throw away his valuable life for such a little thing as England. His wife may give a more pathetic reason for desiring his presence. "If he's killed in France and the Germans come here, there'll be nobody to defend me; if he stays he'll look after me". She cannot realise that an unarmed workman is no protection against any unit of the German army.

Patriotism is a hard word for some of the unskilled workmen to understand. Why should they love a country that will not allow them to avenge their private wrongs on those who injure them, and yet cannot prevent these prejudiced persons doing them injury? Why should they love a draughty house on a dirty pavement? Why should they fight for the other men in England if these happen to be German waiters working in a big restaurant, or German commercial travellers in the drapery trade? Should the cosmopolitan families, who don't see why they shouldn't talk German because "there happens to be a war" between England and Germany, be defended by a British workman? He can judge what he sees; unfortunately his heritage in the glory of England remains out of his sight.

A man with a "comfortable home" has no instinctive feeling that he must leave it to live in an uncomfortable trench. None has shown him that he owes

the making of his home to his country; it seems to him the result of his own hard work.

The country has come to be represented in many minds by the Government, and this by the Cabinet, and it is not unpatriotic to refuse to die for twenty-two men of mixed race.

The payment of Ministerial salaries affects none of us directly, but it is a very real personal grievance to some that these should be paid. They seem to be regarded as war-profits which Ministers pocket, while depriving employers and employed of their share. Again, if those members of Parliament not serving with His Majesty's forces represent the country—in every sense of the word represent—working-men do not see why they should receive pay while asking others to fight. The payment is the grievance, because fighting, for a workman, means first and foremost giving up his pay. Let members of Parliament go unpaid before asking them to make this sacrifice.

Many of the workmen's wives believe their husbands will "have to go". When argument and bickering is done they feel fate is hovering above them, a law to be accepted. Mothers whose sons "only joined to oblige the King" understand an act of patriotism better than its cause. One woman encouraged her eldest son, turned twenty, to enlist, and agreed to her youngest, aged sixteen and a half, doing the same, though his father "had just paid a premium for him". Her husband then joined the army, and she is running their builder's business single-handed, with difficulty in getting labourers, and with no experience. If, when peace is restored, Englishwomen will continue to take part in their husbands' business, there is more hope of freeing British trade from German or international-Jewish control. When their interests are bound up with their country's prosperity, patriotism will be easy for them to understand. Those who have had the means of realising what England has given them, and who have hitherto given their second best in return, are thinking, after sixteen months' warfare, that the second best is not good enough. Young men are applying for commissions who have attended to their private affairs since war began.

The English are very certain that the race is not to the swift. More simply and sincerely it is being said: "We've just got to stick it", and not in the Parliamentary way of "sticking it". The patriotism shaping in the future will not be of the political variety. If Ministers could but hear how the patriotic patches in their speeches are criticised, they would surely refrain from those glowing periods. Self-admiration, whether personal or national, is no longer well received by the people of England. The uneducated say that the chief Ministerial speeches are "all talk". Soldiers attribute our escape from defeat in various quarters more to good luck than to good management, and the unsatisfactory features of the situation are about all that is credited to the patriotism of the Government. When the people sullenly repeat, "I don't believe a word they say", the official standard of honour has sunk very low in the public balance. They believe Lord Derby's word, and Lord Derby works unpaid; his patriotism is undoubted. But when a man loves his country at the rate of £5,000 a year, his patriotism evokes no enthusiasm; if he cannot afford to serve it for less, it is open to him to give place to a richer or a more thrifty man. The public would bear a change of rulers with fortitude.

#### ESSAYS IN IMITATION.

##### VI.—L\*ND AND W\*TR.

THE determination to hold Fort Hilaire as a base for future operations is part of a general plan which has for its object the ultimate security of our present sources of supply. Whether the position can be held is doubtful. Much depends on exactly how long the defences may constitute an obstacle to the enemy's further advance. This, in turn, depends on the relative strength of the obstacle and of the forces deputed to overcome it. No fortified position can be

held indefinitely if the strength of the containing forces is in excess of the strength of the forces contained.

There is unfortunately no direct or precise evidence as to the ratio subsisting between the strength of the position now under consideration and the strength of the available force of the enemy. We have to fall back on a general line of argument, and to seek in the elementary principles of military science reasonable grounds of expectation.

We shall find, after some necessary calculations, that military science has set the Allies a very simple and definite problem.

It has been generally accepted by strategists that, given reasonable generalship and a rough equality of material and *moral*, it is possible to hold a given area by a given number of troops. Now, if we divide the number of men required to hold a given area in any particular theatre of operations into the number of square yards comprised in the area, we obtain a figure which is known in the higher military mathematics as the co-efficient of tenability. This co-efficient of tenability varies considerably with different districts. In mountainous and impassable country, such as surroundings Fort Hilaire, it is extremely high.

In the accompanying diagram we reach a further stage of our demonstration. The small quadrilateral Z represents a given area, Z standing for the number of men who, according to the local co-efficient of tenability, suffice to hold it. According to the premises, Z is inexpugnable: therefore the enemy must be satisfied with containing Z. For this purpose a fourfold force must be detailed by the enemy, each unit of the force being represented by X. We can then proceed to lay down the following equation:

$$x : z :: 4 : 1$$

$$\text{or } z = 4x$$

We must now suppose that the area held by the Allies at Fort Hilaire is, not the small quadrilateral I. but the larger quadrilateral II.



A number of interesting conclusions are seen to follow. In order to contain the larger area an enemy force equal to  $8x$  is necessary; but this larger force is not relatively larger than that which was required to contain the smaller area. The equation for the second quadrilateral runs:

$$x : z :: 8 : 4$$

$$\text{or } z = 2x$$

A curious consequence ensues. By merely contracting the area to be held, as irreplaceable men are lost or as the enemy grows stronger, the ratio of the opposing forces in relation to the co-efficient of tenability is seen to be continuously modified in a sense favourable to the defenders. In other words, whereas in defending the larger area one Allied division would be equal to only two of the enemy, in defending the smaller area one Allied division becomes equal to four of the enemy.

The moral of this is clear. By the simple process of continually contracting their lines about Fort Hilaire upon the land side, the Allied forces can win an increasing advantage over the enemy, and even have troops to spare for a diversion upon the enemy's flank.

This opens a new train of considerations. Fort Hilaire is a base upon the sea coast situated within the neck of a small peninsula; and the problem which we have studied under a category of quadrilaterals will in practice take the form of a conic section. We have to consider more closely the relation of this fact (a) to the co-efficient of tenability, (b) to the oppor-

tunity offered by the possession of an excess of manpower.

These considerations, which would take us too far in the present article, must be for the moment postponed.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### FARMERS AND COMPULSION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Army and Navy Club,

18 January 1916.

SIR,—Before compulsion was passed a certain number of young men from the farms on the borders were induced by leaflets of the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee, by those of the Navy League, and for other reasons, to enlist.

Now they not only will not, but cannot do so, for the printed rules given to the "Advisory Committees" and "the Tribunals" make every man occupied on a farm a "starred" man. Even one calling himself a "milkman" can claim to be "starred". In my young days there were milkmaids in the land, else why did the girl who was asked "whither away?" say "I'm goin' a milkin'", and why did Landseer put into his splendid painting, "The Maid and the Magpie", a female figure?

These committees and tribunals have not the power, nor has anyone else, to suggest to a farmer that as he has only so many acres under cultivation he ought to contrive, in these days of stress, to do with so many ploughmen; nor can they hint that, as he has only a small flock of sheep, he does not require half a dozen shepherds; nor that his milkman might be replaced by a milkmaid. No! They are only able to say: "He is a ploughman, shepherd, horseman, etc., etc.", and he is "starred", and cannot be touched by anyone.

I know of two, and only two, farmers who are trying to cut their coats according to their war cloth, or, in other words, are patriotic. One is a farmer who has under cultivation (in addition to much grass land) 520 acres. He lives north of Wooler and his only son has just been mentioned in despatches, and he employs only men who are too old or too young or medically unfit for the Service, and women.

The other farmer has 456 acres of his big farm under cultivation, has sent his two sons and four of his ploughmen to the war, while his pretty and lady-like daughter is "at the tail of the plough".

That farmer, with his Volunteer uniform of the year one, which has seen thirty years' service, ready to be instantly put on, and with his old rifle and fifty rounds of ammunition, grimly awaits the coming of the Germans, and swears that he will account for fifty of them!

Give the Advisory Committees or the Tribunals the power to say how many ploughmen, shepherds, etc., are absolutely necessary on each farm and let the surplus go to the groups, and then we would have some splendid soldiers added to our armies.

Yours, etc.,

DUDLEY BUCKLE,

Ex-Colonel (retired).

### THE WAR AND SPIRITUAL FORCES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Those who believe that the spiritual qualities such as faith, sacrifice, self-control, will eventually prove a deciding factor in this war look to the future with confidence and hope.

They know that, while the night is at the darkest, the sun is irresistibly hastening onwards and bringing with it the light.

The time has therefore, perhaps, come when we may count the spiritual forces behind the men and the guns which are for us and against us. What England is doing, what sacrifice she is making, is becoming better



known to ourselves and to our Allies. We know that our front is not only a few miles in France, but extends from the Scager Rack to India. While our whole land is becoming a vast storehouse of material and spiritual strength for the conflict which lies before us.

There are four great spiritual forces of first importance converging on the lines of battle: the Churches of England and Russia, which are wholly with the Allies; the Church of Rome, which is divided. Then there is a force, alien to these, but which in intensity and sheer strength has hitherto seemed almost stronger than all these together. A force which has entirely directed our enemies; which has made Prussia its stronghold; which is gaining a hold over Germany's allies; which has left its awful mark on the desolate lands of Belgium, France, Poland, and Serbia, and Armenia; and which is now striving to possess the world.

A recent writer in the "Nineteenth Century", who is fully qualified to speak, suggests that the many revolting crimes in Belgium have been inspired by demoniac influences. They were not. The crimes common to a lawless soldiery on a hapless countryside but betray minds, in malignant evil, many stages below the lowest human level.

The real enemy lies behind the German. It has made the German its slave and tool. The German power and weakness lie here. Just as this war is the greatest the world has ever seen, so the spiritual forces behind it are infinitely vaster than anything we have yet known. And the psychology of vast armies such as we have to-day, for good and evil, is as yet quite outside our experience. Our armies are true crusaders, though they are not now fighting for the sepulchre, but for the Kingdom of Christ itself. And here lies our strength, and confidence in the ultimate issue.

Of our own Church it is not needful to say much. It is like the thousands of humble village churches in our land which seem as though they had grown out of the very soil on which they stand. They breathe the very spirit of England. The honour, the loyalty, the might, the chivalry, of England lives there, and there is holy ground.

The Greek Church has indeed done great things. Her spirit of infinite love, and patience, and sacrifice has roused the wonder and gratitude of her Allies, and keyed a vast nation to a pitch of devotion and endurance which seems more than human.

All the world's great gifts have come from the East, and there is more yet to come. While the West has been busy sowing and reaping material things, the East has kept her gaze on the things of the spirit. And now, while we send her guns and gold, she in return may send us, out of her treasures, visions of holiness, of a Presence that is infinitely far yet infinitely near, of the mystery, the silence, the patience of the spiritual world, of which we know so little.

The attitude of the Roman Church is one of perplexity: of all the neutrals, unquestionably the greatest, the most august, the most important, for the vast spiritual forces it wields, is the Church of Rome. Unlike her sister Churches, she is involved on both sides. Austria, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, as well as France and Belgium, are in her fold. Their welfare must always be her concern; whether in victory or defeat they need her aid.

Instead, therefore, of a Church which is wholly with them, as the soul is with the body, France and Belgium and Italy have only an "impartial" share in Rome's interest and Rome's prayers. How does this affect them and the cause of the Allies? At first sight this might seem to neutralise the power of the Church of Rome; but other important factors have to be considered. There is the power of sacrifice willingly offered. There is France with her 20,000 priests in the fighting line. Heroic France! which has given the world many of its noblest and most saintly lives. There is moreover the question of "clean hands" of the combatants, for in this issue we have made our appeal to God.

Amid all the hubbub of voices raised in this war, either to accuse or excuse, the silence of One has become more and more impressive.

We have seen, He has seen, a great nation, as though suddenly possessed with devils, like the swine on the Gaderene hills, suddenly rush headlong down a steep place into the sea. They have gone to destruction; and might even drag all the world with them. Yet no voice of warning has been heard.

War has been waged, without mercy, without humanity, as at the dictates of Spirits of Evil. Whole nations have been blotted out. Men and women have fled from the cruelty of men as though they fled from devils. Neither youth nor age, man nor woman nor child, has been spared. Cities and villages have been reduced to pitiable ruin. Neither religion, nor learning, nor art has been spared. Reims, Louvain, Ypres, have gone in a common holocaust, an offering to the present German god of cruelty and hate. Millions of innocent people are wanderers, homeless and destitute. Murder has been committed on a scale unparalleled in the history of the world. Lust and cruelty, those dread twin daughters of Hell, have seared nations, as with steel rods white hot, through body and mind into the very soul of peoples. Yet no single voice has been raised, outside the Allies, representing religion or even common humanity.

The position of Rome is growing more and more difficult, yet her well-wishers, and those who value her mission in the world, feel that she must soon come to a decision. Neutrality is becoming more and more difficult. As M. Loisy points out: "No one has any right to be neutral in moral questions; and whoever pretends to be neutral in matters where justice is concerned fails to be impartial. As a matter of fact, whoever in such questions pretends to be indifferent is in reality siding with him who is in the wrong, and against him who is right."

Benedict XV. is clearly not another Ambrose, with his splendid "Non pro meis commodis faciebam". He may plead ignorance of facts, but Cardinal Mercier is not ignorant. And no reward that could ever be given could compensate a betrayal of Christianity into the hands of its enemies. Nothing but a negative can be given to the offer. "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

The future of Christianity to-day is of extraordinary interest. On the assumption that the Allies win a decisive victory Austria will have to disgorge many fair provinces. A greater Serbia will arise out of her ashes; together, possibly, with a new united Roumania. Both looking East and not West for the inspiration of their Faith.

We do not claim that we and our Allies are wholly good, for none can claim that, any more than that all our enemies are wholly evil. But, we believe that we are fighting in the cause of Humanity, which is the cause of God. And that around us, and aiding us in this our warfare, is "an innumerable company of witnesses".

So we commence the New Year with a good hope, and with a steadfast belief and purpose that, however long and arduous the conflict, we shall win. For we know that, "Far beyond the reach and touch of human power are the fortunes of the Kingdom of the Most Holy".

Yours faithfully,

H. J. MARSHALL.

#### HOLLAND HOUSE AND "ELTHAM HOUSE".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There is one sentence in your reviewer's notice of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Eltham House", in your issue of 8 January, where he seems to me to be seriously at fault. He says "'Eltham House' is Holland House over again, with a few minute differences". The differences appear to be many, the similarities few.

Indeed, the analogy between the position of Lord and Lady Holland, and of the principal characters in Mrs. Ward's book, will not bear a close scrutiny. The like-

ness between the two stories ends with the unhappy first marriage, the runaway match, and the subsequent divorce and marriage. Mrs. Ward has discredited her conclusions by the introduction of false conditions into the problem which she set out to solve. The circumstances and qualities of the Wings and of their suggested prototypes are in reality utterly dissimilar.

Alec Wing was a phenomenon which is fortunately rare amongst our would-be politicians. He had flouted the world's moral susceptibilities, and further proceeded to weaken the force of his undeniable talent by offending against the canons of good taste. In the belief that money was all powerful, he sought to climb to power in a few short months. Flushed with egotism and impatient of delay, he spurned the advice of those who foresaw more clearly the difficulties in his path. And then, in the hour of disillusionment, he allowed all the malignity of his nature to recoil on the head of his wife, to whom, could he have realised it, he owed his one chance of success. Her friends had fathered his parliamentary aspirations. Her charms were the lodestone which drew that galaxy of wit and genius to the halls of Eltham House. Through her influence he might even have recovered the ground which he had lost through his own mistakes.

Now mark how different was the case of Lord Holland. It is true that he was more fortunate in his surroundings. He had been born and bred in the bosom of Whiggism; and, notwithstanding the scandal of his marriage, the mantle of Charles James Fox descended automatically on his shoulders. But at the time of his adored uncle and guardian's death Holland had served his apprenticeship. He had proved himself a foeman worthy of his steel, not by garish display or noisy bluster, but by his application, his quickness in debate, and his altruistic enthusiasm. He would have scorned to buy advancement. That was not his way. Nor would it have been in his power to effect it. Lord Holland was never a rich man, even for the period in which he lived. The accumulation of a twenty years' minority was largely depleted to repay to the Treasury the adverse balances of his grandfather's paymaster-ship. Notwithstanding the drawbacks of his position he became, and remained, as your reviewer justly states, the Whig party in the House of Lords. But never could he have reached this dignified eminence without infinite patience and tact.

And so it was with the Hollands' struggle for social regeneration. Lady Holland's salon was not the product of a few weeks. It grew little by little from diminutive commencements. Backed by the influence of her husband's family and political connections, she was enabled to spread far and wide the net of her fascinations. Her women friends were few, yet politician and *littérateur* alike flocked to Holland House. But why? Not solely to sit at their hostess's feet: for, especially in later years, Elizabeth Holland ruled with the tyranny of fear. No, to many of the habitués the real attraction was the welcoming smile and animated conversation of Lord Holland. But for his incomparable personality the story of those gatherings need never have been written.

Possibly under the altered conditions of the twentieth century the lot of the Hollands would have been different. One thing at least seems plain to me. Lord Wing was foredoomed to failure in whatever generation Mrs. Ward had chosen to place him.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

ILCHESTER.

#### "A SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY SUGGESTION."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Yokes Court,

Nr. Sittingbourne.

13 January 1916.

SIR,—In your paper of 8 January appeared an article under the above heading, rebuking the assumption that because we are at war this is not the moment

to honour Shakespeare. May I say that the war affords an additional reason for showing our appreciation of our greatest national poet? One of the contentions of the German professors in favour of German world-supremacy is based absurdly upon the supposition that they appreciate Shakespeare better than we do. Let us hear Dr. Lenard, Professor of Physics in the University of Heidelberg:

"Down then" (says this "intellectual") "with all consideration for England's so-called culture. The central nest and supreme academy of all hypocrisy in the world, which is on the Thames, must be destroyed. . . . No respect for the tombstones of Shakespeare, Newton, and Faraday! The spirit of these great men has long ago passed into the souls of the living"—not the living Englishman, the professor thinks, but the living Prussian. It is superfluous to point out that Shakespeare and the modern Prussianised Germans are in exact antithesis, and that it would become us to do added honour to the memory of Shakespeare at a time when our fighting men are performing deeds of gallantry which it would need a modern Shakespeare fittingly to enshrine.

I am, Sir,

E. M. TENISON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 January 1916.

SIR,—May I venture to applaud the appeal of the SATURDAY REVIEW of 8 January for public support of the Shakespeare Head Press at Stratford-on-Avon? Far from the war diminishing the moral force of such an appeal it increases it. Now that our civilisation is challenged, now that we are waging a defensive war as crucial to us and more crucial to Europe than the wars of Shakespeare's day, we are better able than we ever were in peace-time to understand and value Shakespeare's work as an essential part of our national inheritance.

Our neglect of Shakespeare during the last twenty years or so has been one of the symptoms of decadence remarked by our enemies; and now that our men of action by their dauntless courage and patient endurance, their chivalry and true nobility of mind and deed, are upholding our national honour—even as in Shakespeare's day it was upheld by Drake and Sidney—let us value at its true worth the old civilisation and the high traditions they are fighting to preserve. As Wordsworth said

"We must be free to die, who speak the tongue

That Shakespeare spoke"—

and those of us who from age or infirmity are unable to take our place in the ranks of fighting men can at least endeavour to show our appreciation of our national inheritance, an appreciation which would be well expressed in support of Mr. A. H. Bullen's Shakespeare Head Press.

Just as our Empire has owed its existence to the initiative and energy of private individuals—often ill-supported or even at first opposed by the majority—the same majority which in the end recognised and applauded the consistency and perseverance of the few, so this national monument, the Shakespeare Head Press, owes its existence to the personal enthusiasm and tireless devotion of Mr. A. H. Bullen, a practical scholar whose life and labours recall the great ages of scholarship, when men sought knowledge not for the sake of money or applause but for its moral value as an inspiring factor in human progress.

I should add that as I have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Bullen, my tribute to his qualities as a scholar and his patriotism as an Englishman is based solely upon the merits of his undertaking at Stratford-on-Avon, which I am glad to see the SATURDAY REVIEW supporting so emphatically.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

MICHAEL BARRINGTON.



To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
Birmingham Public Libraries,  
Reference Library,  
Ratcliff Place,

19 January 1916.

SIR,—As custodian of one of the great Shakespearean collections of the world, I learn with dismay, if not surprise, of the difficulty of continuing the above Press in the present abnormal times.

The ripe scholarship, earnest enthusiasm, and patient self-sacrifice of Mr. Bullen have resulted during the last twelve years in the production of a series of original works of exceptional value, as well as notable additions to the rapidly growing series of scientifically edited classic works.

Scientific editing is even yet little understood, except by the few, and Mr. Bullen's labours will do much to make it better known and appreciated.

Gratitude to Mr. Bullen, as well as gain to literature, should make it possible to find some satisfactory way of continuing the work of his Press.

Yours faithfully,

WALTER POWELL,  
Chief Librarian.

#### MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE PREMIERSHIP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Pray continue your articles on the impossibility of Mr. Lloyd George. His turgid oratory and lavish doles (at the country's expense!) have brought him a large "profiteering" following; and, comparing Mr. Asquith's "wait and see" policy with his "push and go", many admire him who abhor his policies.

But the nation must not be allowed to forget that he was as much to blame as the rest of the Radical Cabinet for our unpreparedness for war, the Declaration of London, and the wickedly futile expeditions to Antwerp and Gallipoli.

It is true that he seems to be doing his best to atone for past errors (has, indeed, been to Canossa—on the Clyde!), but his appeal came *too late!* His perpetual stirring up of class hatred was probably also a contributory cause of the most disgraceful fact in history—strikes during war.

Yours truly,

H. SOAMES.

#### THE CASE OF CAPTAIN VANDELEUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cape Town, 20 December.

SIR,—There is one remark that stamps the evidence of the Germans against Captain Vandeleur as false. I refer to their statement that he was obstreperous and threatened to spit on his captors. No one who knows the British officer believes for an instant that he would resort to an action so truly typical of the bestial Germans of all classes and both sexes as spitting on anyone. I might inform them that it is not the custom of the English to do such a thing. They leave that to exponents of "Kultur", hence we read of even German Red Cross "lady" nurses spitting at British prisoners as they are led past them. When these Huns resort to lies to back up their cowardly and illegal treatment of captives, they should be careful that they have some semblance of truth, and do not bear on their face their Satanic or Germanic origin.

Anyway, I hope that whatever penalties are imposed on the Germans by the Allies at the end of this war, the sickening treatment of our captives will receive its due reward. It is unbearable to think that officers and men of the most refined and truly cultured nation in the world should be subjected to such treatment at the hands of the most brutalised nation that has yet disgraced this earth, and I can only hope that due record is being taken of it all, so that those guilty may receive their deserved punishment.

As to the statements of brutality and inhuman methods of warfare brought against us by these barbarians, would it not be possible after the war to form an international

committee out of the neutral States to enquire fully into all such charges on either side. We know, as the world at large knows, that there is not the least doubt as to the Germans' illegal and diabolical system of warfare, and we equally know that on our own part there has been nothing of the kind, so that we need fear no enquiry, and by such an enquiry we should be shown innocent of these charges before the whole world; otherwise many will be inclined to think that as charges were made on both sides both sides were more or less equally guilty.

How extraordinary it is that with all their boasted knowledge the Germans do not know that true culture is a matter of the heart, not of the head. If this war succeeds in driving this little fact into their skulls it will not have been quite in vain.

No doubt thousands of your readers have noticed the astonishing difference exhibited in photographs of the principal German officers and those of our own Army and Navy, as of the Allies. In the former you see so often the bestial, debased, animal or brute-like appearance which one now recognises as natural in such men; in the others we see a far more refined type of face, quite in consonance with their character. Even in the Head Hun we see the enormous contrast between him and his relatives, the late King Edward and King George. The Kaiser's endeavour is apparently to look ferocious and brutal, and it must be confessed that he has not been unsuccessful. The poor man no doubt imagines that such a character and appearance is essential in a would-be world conqueror. Unfortunately for him the world thinks otherwise, and will not have him at any price. The German nation will no doubt live to be thankful that we have rid them for ever of such crude caricatures of true nobility and greatness as the German Emperor and his decadent offspring and debased officials.

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE B. BLATHWAYT.

#### INCREMENT VALUE DUTY AND THE LUMSDEN CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.,

18 January 1916.

SIR,—Although the Land Union is anxious to avoid anything in the nature of political controversy at the present time, it nevertheless considers it a duty to draw attention to the following facts. Mr. Lloyd George recognised the unfairness of the claim for Increment Value Duty in the above case, and when the Revenue Bill was in Committee in the House of Commons on 1 August 1913 he stated that Clause 2 in that Bill was inserted "in order to protect people like Mr. Lumsden". Unfortunately the Bill did not reach the Statute Book, and the same fate befell the Bill of the following year into which a similar clause was introduced. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister and the Secretary to the Treasury, on 23 July 1914, undertook, on behalf of the Government, to introduce a one-clause Bill to annul the effect of the Lumsden judgment and to bring the assessment to Increment Value Duty into harmony with the original proposals put forward when the Budget of 1909 was introduced into the House of Commons—viz., that there must be a rise in the value of the bare site before Increment Value Duty is demandable.

War having broken out, the Land Union makes no complaint that the Government has been unable to introduce this Bill, but it does complain that after the injustice suffered by Mr. Lumsden was fully recognised by the Government, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue continue to demand, under threat of legal proceedings, Increment Value Duty under the Lumsden judgment when it is agreed that there has been no rise in the value of the bare site, and have actually issued writs to enforce their claims. In Mr. Lumsden's case they write that unless £22, the duty demanded, and costs amounting to £249 9s. 4d. are paid, they will take legal proceedings without further notice or delay.

The Land Union deprecates this action as likely to provoke ill-feeling at the present time, and urges that either the

promised Bill should be passed without delay, or in the event of that being impossible, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue should be instructed not to press their claims in these cases until Parliament shall have had time to deal with the matter.

Yours obediently,  
DESBOROUGH,  
Chairman of the Council.

#### PAN-GERMAN KULTUR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Dundee, 18 January 1916.

SIR,—The blatant blasphemy of the barbaric Germans is a hereditary obsession that, like the *grande passion* of Hamlet's mother, grows by what it feeds on. M. Maurice Muret is a Swiss savant. He published a book in 1905 on Pan-Germanism. It gives lurid instances of the Bethnal Green psychology that make the Intellectuals on the Rhine see red and saturate Europe with blood.

M. Woltmann, a German anthropologist, wrote that "Vinci" is German, and that he should have named himself "Wincke". "Titian" is "Vetzel" in German. Michael Angelo, the heaven hall-marked prince of painters, is claimed as a lineal descendant of Faderland. Here is one better: Voltaire is German; Crouet, his pseudonymous title, is French, but is Crovede in German. Diderot, the encyclopædic savant, is German; he called himself Tietrsh, manifestly of Teutonic origin. M. Aristide Briand, the distinguished French statesman, is German, and ought to call himself Brandt. The marvel is that the Germans have not claimed a prior and a prescriptive right to Shakespeare. His dramas and tragedies were, before 4 August 1914, no less popular than those of Schiller and Goethe.

"Junius", in "L'Echo de Paris", transcribes textually the following from M. Muret: "M. Reimer observes that Jesus Christ, with His blue eyes, His blond hair, His cheeks of carnation, had a physique essentially German. The first syllable of His name is manifestly an alteration of the German syllable 'ger'. The letter 'r', frequently treated as a vowel, is dropped out and is transformed in 's'. The second syllable of Jesus is only the Latin termination of the masculine words. It is equivalent to the English 'man' or to Ger-'man'. And the (logical) conclusion is, if 'ger' is equivalent to 'Jes', if 'man' is equal to 'us', the following formula is the result: Jesus=German."

"Can you deny it?" asks "Junius". Germans hold in the abstract that German force is the action of God Himself. The Parisian *littérateur* says that he will not argue the point: reason or civilisation is impossible with the delirious. It is necessary to put on them a strait waistcoat to annihilate their arrogant despotism. Not any yoke is more hard than that of a tyrant who takes the violence of his egoism for a mission, and the hypertrophy of his personality for a priesthood. The attention of the French Academy is directed to an analysis of the latest linguistic gospel, according to Woltmann and Muret. If the dogmatic doctrine of "the mailed fist" and of "force" is to be supreme in the world of matter as of mind, farewell to the elevating aspirations, the lofty ideals, and the noble actions that have been the inspiration of Christianity throughout the last two thousand years, despite its enigmatic, its unfathomable, and its mysterious ways. May that Gethsemane be spared Europe and civilisation.

I am, etc.,  
THOMAS OGILVY.

#### PECKSNIFF'S THIRD DAUGHTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Garret,

Somewhere in London.

SIR,—Whether your question regarding Pecksniff's daughter is one of those which the Latin grammar describes as purely rhetorical and needing no answer I do not know.

The speculation is certainly interesting, and there is even evidence to justify it. When we are introduced to the daughters, Mercy is, without a word of explanation, called "the youngest Miss Pecksniff". This surely implies three sisters.

I suggest that a daughter who came before Charity died almost at once. She was called Truth; Truth could not live in the family, though Charity and Mercy might make a good show, and this unfortunate concatenation of name and fact led Mr. Pecksniff to suppress the detail of her brief existence. He, however, ventured at a later date to introduce Truth's companion in the Bible, Mercy. But it may have been Peace after all, for Mr. Pecksniff's severe and whiskerless throat declared, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace, a holy calm pervades me".

Yours respectfully,  
P.

#### THE MARNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 January 1916.

SIR,—It is interesting to recall that, in November 1870, the River Marne was the scene of almost the first—if not the only—real success of our Allies. In "Le siège de Paris" M. Sarcey says of General Ducrot's army: "Elle passa la Marne le mercredi 30, et poussant devant elle l'armée prussienne, qui était retranchée sur de fortes hauteurs, elle s'empara pied à pied des positions que l'ennemi occupait, et le soir enfin . . . elle s'installa sur le plateau de Villiers. . . . C'était la première fois, depuis ce malheureux siège, que nous apprenions un succès: je parle d'un succès important, réel. La joie fut immense à Paris".

Yours, etc.,  
W.

#### SOME ERRORS OF MACAULAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2, Hare Court, Temple, E.C.

SIR,—Reading again Macaulay's brilliant "History" for his views about Lord Jeffreys, I came across what seemed to be two curious lapses in a writer so censorious about accuracy in others.

In chapter 4 he writes of the judge's elevation to the position of "Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench". Macaulay evidently forgot that he was writing of the time of James II. and not of that of Queen Victoria.

In describing Jeffreys' arrest, in chapter 10, the following passage occurs: "A scrivener who lived at Wapping, and whose trade was to furnish the seafaring men there with money at high interest, had some time before lent a sum on bottomry". "Every lawyer knows" that a bottomry bond, though at high interest, is not given by "seafaring men", but by shipowners, being a hypothecation of the keel or bottom of the ship (*partem pro toto*), as described by Blackstone. This, however, savours of hypercriticism.

A curious instance of bad style—as bad as bad can be—occurs in chapter 11. Describing the raising of Churchill and others to the peerage, Macaulay writes: "Several eminent men took new appellations by which they must henceforth be designated". This must, one would say, be a record in bad writing by an important man of letters.

Could any of your readers help me as regards a charge I have seen brought against Macaulay, which I unfortunately failed to verify or otherwise at the time? In his essay on "Lord Clive" he describes in an emotional way the devotion of the Sepoys at the siege of Arcot in proposing to Clive that the grain should be given to the Europeans and the gruel strained away from the rice to themselves. The objection brought (I feel sure on the authority of Richard Burton) was that when rice has been boiled it is quite well known in the East that the nutritive properties remain in the gruel.

Yours obediently,  
F. F. MONTAGUE.



## REVIEWS.

## THE SOLDIER POET.

"Verses and Letters of Captain the Hon. Colwyn Philipps (Royal Horse Guards)." London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1916. 5s. net.

THIS charming little volume is one of many reminders that we are losing not only the bravest but the cleverest of our young men. Rupert Brooke, Julian Grenfell, and Colwyn Philipps have all fallen, and all three wrote poetry of great promise, a fact which refutes the vulgar generalisation that our youth are prosaic and materialistic. On the contrary, when a young captain in the Blues is a confirmed Browningite, admires the style of "Sesame and Lilies", but finds the meaning obvious, and writes verses of sympathy and refinement, we must revise our estimate of the rising generation. "The canker of a calm world and a long peace" has no doubt bred selfishness, irreverence, and sensuality amongst too many of our young men of the upper class. It is all the more gratifying to find that the best of them are the very reverse of these qualities. There is "the true bird note" about some of the verses on scenery and occasional flashes of the insight, which is the mark of the poet, as in the lines on "An Outsider" and to "A Friend".

Your truest friend is he to whom  
Only your higher side you show,  
And blush because of the dark room  
Within you where he may not go.

The thought that you only show your inmost heart to a man that you despise is worthy of Byron or Pope in its knowledge of human nature. Of course Captain Philipps had not studied prosody, and was probably not aware that there are as many metres in English as in Greek and Latin poetry. It is odd that so many young men and women with a genuine poetic gift do not realise that they must learn the technique of poetry, just as they would learn the technical part of music, or painting, or architecture. The man who plays the piano by ear never attains any serious result; and the young poet who trusts to an untrained ear will come many croppers. There are many faulty and some impossible metres in these verses, but they are all marked by sincerity, tenderness, and humour. The "prose fragments" are wholly delightful for their power of description and their fun. The "typical morning at the cavalry school" is not only amusing but written with that love of the horse which springs from real sympathy with the dumb servants of men. "Off we started to the field, Salome leaning affectionately on my shoulder and blowing into my ear. Then she trod briskly on my favourite corn. My yell of anguish made her jerk backwards. She sat on her tail and gazed at me in innocent surprise. I actually had to soothe and comfort her as if I was in fault before I could persuade her to accompany me further." Could there be a better description of training a filly? But this book has a higher merit than can be derived from verbal felicities. Colwyn Philipps had a reverent and grateful affection for his mother, which is as touching as it is rare. He laughed at pretentiousness, saw the difference between well-bred and well-born (which not one Englishman in ten appreciates), and whatever was genuine and noble he saluted. His span of life was too short to attract the notice of the bustling world. But the image of the chivalrous soldier, the loving son, and the loyal friend will remain engraven on the memory of a few, while these graceful and pathetic writings will enable others to enter, though at a distance, into the feelings of the father who has lost him.

## JEWELS, CHARMS, AND PRECIOUS STONES.

"The Magic of Jewels and Charms." By George Frederick Kunz. Ninety Illustrations. London: Lippincott. 1915. 21s. net.

IN five-and-twenty years Dr. Kunz has become a thorough historian of precious stones. From the first he has united his entertaining work to the sociology which man and the ages have given to gems, charms, jewels, talismans, amulets, fossils, flint tools, and weapons from the prehistoric times, and the celestial stones called meteorites. Clio, presiding over history, shines with unnumbered gems through a veil of magic and superstition. Every stone is precious if we look at it in the right way. It is a romance so full of time, so primitive and yet so modern, that if it could tell its own tale the most learned men in the world would give up their degrees to become its pupils. But stones have the privilege of being silent, like growth, gestation, gravitation, and the sun. The rest of our world is so full of noise that even flowers murmur when the wind plays among their petals. Stones break silence only after much provocation. They cry out after a fall, and lose their temper dangerously when they are hurled from their repose by earthquakes and avalanches and volcanoes. What they like best is the kindness and skill called art and craft and architecture. These are the voices of the most cultured stones, of stones that receive and keep the genius and the vanity of mankind.

Dr. Kunz has a reverence for stones of every sort. He would treat with equal respect a marble of Phidias and a bleak quarry waiting to be made into a soaring cathedral. He knows that stones have been as load-stars to the curiosity of man, so wonderfully varied have they been in colour, in brilliance, in shape, and in tinted patterning. In them alone there is enough to explain why savages have been fond of painting and decoration. The markings on stones are often so expressive that they seem magical to the superstitious. Natural designs in the flat are commoner than others, but some natural designs in relief are recorded. A remarkable double gem or medallion is said to have been found inside a lump of copper ore from the Bottendorf copper mines. Marked on each side of it was the image of a male human head, dressed with a peruke, but while on one side the representation was in relief, on the opposite half it was in intaglio (p. 49). Again: "A remarkable find of three of these naturally marked stones is stated to have been made in the river Theiss, near the town of Winterhut, in 1556, on a Monday after the festival of St. Gall. On one of these flint pebbles was depicted a cross, a sword, and a rod; the two others bore respectively a cross and the Burgundian arms, all being as clearly defined as though the work of a human hand." Dr. Kunz in these statements refers his readers to Valentini and Ulyssis Aldrovandi. He adds:

"These smaller natural pictures were, however, greatly surpassed in effectiveness by some most extraordinary representations on slabs of stone, frequently on marble slabs, the strange arrangement of the veinings constituting veritable pictures of considerable extent and marvellously deceptive quality. Thus in the church of San Lorenzo in Florence was to be seen a natural marble on which were depicted two men bearing a bunch of grapes on a rod. Another marble slab, preserved in the Danish Collection in Copenhagen and originally owned by James I. of England, presented in most beautiful colours an image of a crucifix."

Valentini gave a woodcut of this patterned crucifix, and Dr. Kunz takes a half-tone block from the woodcut. The artist we call Nature, though for ever busy in the doing of routine wonders, somehow raises in most persons a temper of incredulity when she patterns a stone into a rough picture. But those who study stones expect Nature to put some uncanniness at times into their other wondrous qualities. Primitive men, past and present, have attached great importance to the

fortuitous markings and shapes of stones, as to-day in New Caledonia, where stones are chosen as talismans and amulets according to their form. Some are supposed to have a good effect against famine and madness and death, while others are used to bring rain or sunshine or good luck in boating and fishing. When the natives want to get a better yield from fruit trees they choose a stone either roughly shaped like the fruit or marked like the fruit or like its tree. To give fertility to the cocoanut palm, for instance, a stone coloured with black lines is chosen. "Sometimes two different talismanic stones are used in this practice, a small one figuring the unripe fruit; when the tree begins to bear the small stone is buried at its foot, and as soon as the fruit begins to mature the small stone is removed, and the larger, representing the ripe fruit, is buried in its place."

"Magic stones" are treated admirably by Dr. Kunz, who has gathered together a great deal of entertaining material. He speaks also of electric or magnetic gems, tourmaline, amber, and loadstone, which possess great scientific interest. A certain energy really does come from them, producing a positive action from without on the human body. This does not mean that Dr. Kunz accepts the old belief that amber necklaces protect children from cold. "Necklaces do not cover the neck; they are worn on the bare throat, and the opinion prevails that an exposed neck means less liability to cold." When "the neck is never overheated and then suddenly chilled, a normal temperature being maintained, there should be a protection from colds and from the many ills resulting from them." The electric properties of tourmaline are well known, and there is nothing unscientific in the supposition that science may yet discover a delicate energy coming from other gem-stones.

Amber has been enormously valued both as a healing agent and for general use as an amulet. Pliny notes that a tiny image of a man cut out of amber was sold to the Romans for a higher price than was paid for a good slave. As early as 600 B.C. the electric property of amber was noticed by Thales, the Ionic philosopher, and as late as 1865 the use of amber as a safeguard against erysipelas was defended by the Rev. C. W. King, an English writer on precious stones.

There is an excellent chapter on meteorites, with illustrations of several, the largest one being the Cape York meteorite, "Ahnighito", weighing more than 36½ tons. It was found at Melville Bay, in 1894, by Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, and is now in the American Museum of Natural History. Equally good is the chapter on old beliefs concerning the therapeutic magic of many different stones. There would be no need for medical research if the magical virtues of stones acted in accord with their legendary history. Thus the so-called Median stone, "when dissolved in the milk of a woman who had borne a son, restored sight to the blind". An amulet of malachite saved the wearer from hernia, somehow. The eye of a hyæna was supposed to contain a stone that foretold the future when a Roman put it under his tongue. A little brain would have been more useful than this idea, but brain has never been popular. The wonderful imagination that men have shown in the act of being fools will ever be the most wonderful thing in history. Here is one old lesson that Dr. Kunz illustrates a great many times from the magic of jewels and charms. The religious use of various gems is another subject that he deals with fully, and he follows the history of amulets through the drama of superstition. Happily, however stupid women and men may be, their precious stones are brilliant. In 1747 an English writer on the jewellers' art summed up the qualities of a popular craftsman:

"He ought to be an elegant designer, and have a quick invention for new patterns, not only to range the stones in such manner as to give lustre to one another, but to create trade; for a new fashion takes as much with the ladies in jewels as in anything else; he that can furnish them oftenest with the newest whim has the best chance of their custom."

This was written by R. Campbell, and perhaps he came from Aberdeen. In any case, he understood the difference between the fickleness of beautiful women and the fidelity of brilliant stones. Dr. Kunz speaks well of R. Campbell. It needs much superstition to keep gems and jewels from the whims of fashion.

#### SUSSEX SKETCHES.

"Moby Lane and Thereabouts." By A. Neil Lyons. Lane. 6s.

AT his best Mr. Neil Lyons is a realist with a sense of humour, and the temperament that allows such a combination of qualities is rare enough to be precious. He is capable of big angers, but he falls into no blind rages. Because he finds many troubles in the world, and mean men ready to create more of them, he is the more anxious to capture all the fun and laughter of life. Standing by a London coffee-stall or leaning over his garden-gate in a Sussex village, he observes shrewdly, and records faithfully, as long, at least, as truth does not interfere with his jests. The spoil-sport is his pet aversion, and there are certainly moments when one suspects that he has no use for the accuracy that spoils a good story. No wise reader, however, will blame him for his jolly exaggerations and his cunning arrangement of facts. This volume of sketches of the countryside, with all its touches of comedy and tragedy, is full of sympathy and understanding, and can be read with just appreciation in more than one mood. Nothing, indeed, in the author's work is more delightful than his way of changing swiftly from gaiety to gravity, or from sorrow to joy. Perhaps the best tale in the book is the one called "The Bed o' Pattikews". It introduces an old countryman whose heart was set on cultivating a certain patch of flowers, and on cultivating them better than a neighbour, who, as he held, had heterodox theories on the management of a garden. To bring the "pattikews"—otherwise hepatica—to perfection needed time. They had to get a grip of the soil. Unfortunately, Gideon Hemus, who lived "in Sloe Cottage, which stands at Sly Corner", received notice to quit, for he had to make way for the alien cook employed by Squire Kosky, who himself was not a native of Sussex. These incidents are likely to happen when the land falls into the hands of persons who have arrived on Hamburg-America liners and attain to Tudor mansions after a period of diligence in the City or thereabouts. More than once afterwards Gideon had to move, and on each occasion, except the last, he took the plants with him. At first he was a comic old man with a queer and harmless obsession, but majesty gradually descended on him, for he was patient and persevering as he was driven hither and thither. Only when he found refuge in the workhouse did he abandon the thought of seeing his "pattikews" blossom, and we are told that they flourished exceedingly when they were at last left in peace.

It is a simple story, and it shows the author at his best. Mr. Neil Lyons is a Socialist, and perhaps he has no love for landlords of any kind; but he is undoubtedly discriminating. Squire Kosky is a plague to the countryside, as are all those who move their neighbours' landmarks, and one would like to think that he and his cook are both now in an internment camp and will presently be deported. For the rest, the author's Socialism scarcely prospers in Sussex, and he does not scruple to tell a good story at the expense of some who preach it. The last tale in the book concerns old Mr. Rummery, whose son, a "scholar" living in London, gave him a Fabian tract that condemned almost everything which in the father's opinion made life worth living. It only left one beans and pips to eat, barley-water to drink, and it condemned smoking. Mr. Neil Lyons brought from his cupboard clay pipes, tobacco, and a black bottle, and said, "This, also, is Socialism". He divided the house against itself, but we do not doubt that he made



a convert, though, at the moment, Mr. Rummery could only say, "God love us 'all". And here we seem to have all the author's philosophy illustrated in an incident. He stands for making life more cheerful, whereas Squire Kosky and the tract-writers are mainly engaged in promoting its disagreeables. "This, also, is Socialism", is a very valiant reply, but, strangely enough, those good things in the cupboard are included, too, in the aims of the individualist. And the plants that wanted a firm grip on Sussex soil were individualists, and so, too, was old Hemus, whose way of growing them was so much better than the one practised by the man on the other side of the hedge.

#### AN EGYPTIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

"Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt." By Sir G. Maspero. Translated by Mrs. C. H. W. Johns. H. Grevel and Co. 10s. 6d. net.

FOR sixty years scholars have known that there were traces in Egypt of a story analogous to those contained in the "Arabian Nights". The solemnity of the exalted personages whose mummies repose in our museums makes it surprising that they should have indulged in such frivolities. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the first manuscript belonged to a prince, the son of Mneptah, the grandson of Sesôstris, who himself became subsequently King Setul II. The story concerns two brothers and a woman. The latter behaved in much the same fashion as did the wife of the captain of Pharaoh's guard towards Joseph. The younger brother in the Pharaonic story was forced to take to flight, changed into a bull, then into a tree, and finally reborn in the person of a King. Ten years after the first find an illicit exploration of the tomb of a Coptic monk brought to light a wooden coffer that contained certain manuscripts that had nothing monastic about them. One told the strange story of Satui-Khamols, and of the debates he held with a band of talking mummies, sorcerers and magicians—ambiguous beings of whom it is doubtful whether they are living or dead. Since then, successive discoveries have been made, and Sir Gaston Maspero, and his very capable translator, have placed all the known popular stories of ancient Egypt at the disposal of English readers.

Those who have been fortunate enough to read Sir Gaston Maspero's previous books, the "Dawn of Civilization", the "Struggle of the Nations", and the "Passing of the Empires"—all of which were translated by Canon Maclure, and published by S.P.C.K.—will need no assurance that the book under review is not only scholarly but very readable. The Introduction is particularly illuminating not only as regards the stories that follow, but with reference to the connection between these Egyptian tales and other similar narratives; not excluding the Biblical records of the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt.

Whatever view may be taken as to the source of the various stories collected in this volume, or of the easy way with which truth sits upon the mind of the Eastern story-teller, there can be no doubt as to the indigenous form assumed by these Egyptian tales. The setting is Egyptian obviously, and it is so accurate, according to Sir Gaston, that a "complete picture of morals and of society might be drawn from the romances alone. Pharaoh is here depicted as less divine than we should be disposed to consider him if we judged him solely by the 'haughty demeanour accorded him by his sculptors in triumphal and religious scenes'. In fact, when the ceremonial etiquette was once satisfied, Pharaoh appears to have been quite prepared to unbend from his high estate, and the good "god" would show himself to be a good fellow. Like Harûn-al-rashid, of the "Arabian Nights", Khufu and Sanafru had difficulty in willing away their impracticable hours, and if Egyptian Ministers did not adopt exactly the same methods of relieving the political situations involved by the overwhelming ennui of their respective Lords, they showed

a similar good will to amuse, and a fairly high standard of inventiveness.

Whether the Pharaonic stories lend themselves to bowdlerisation, as did the Arabian varieties, it is not easy for the reviewer to decide. Upon one point he is quite clear. This book is as great a gain to literature as it may be to archaeology.

#### "ALL THINGS HOLY AND HIGH."

"The Spirit of Man: an Anthology." By Robert Bridges. Longmans. 5s. net.

[Published this week.]

THIS is the most beautiful small anthology that we have handled since the "Golden Treasury" first came our way; and in no selection of the kind since Palgrave's have we found "notes" at the close fuller of light and leading. We do not think the Poet Laureate's notes quite so admirable as the "Golden Treasury's" in conciseness; nor perhaps always in absolute essentiality; but they are choice, they are instinct with rare lore, and there is a sense of personality about them which we do not recall having been impressed by in Palgrave's. There is a point in which we differ from the Poet Laureate: he reserves the name of the author of each of his selections for the end of the book, thinking that it might otherwise "distract the attention and lead away the thought and even overrule consideration". But the attention is distracted more, we think, by a frequent temptation, which may irk readers, to turn to the end and discover the author of passages new to them. That is all our complaint. The book as a whole is a joy. It pleases us to discover many old familiars and friends, in poetry and prose, the familiars, too, and friends of the scholar poet who has made this volume; and not less it pleases to light upon things serene and strong that are new to us, or, in some instances, it may be, long remembered. The arrangement of the passages, the division of them into books, and their descriptions or titles at the head of each page, are the work, clearly, of a loving care. No bookmaking here, but all things in exquisite order stored, and the sense of deliberation, consideration—a lifetime of both—all through. What a cunning hand set before Wordsworth's "Intimations" that passage from "Phædrus" beginning "... Now every human soul must have seen the realities of that other world, else could she not have entered into this body"! One has a fancy that a special joy was with the maker of the book when under "Self-renunciation" he wrote down that poem of Raleigh which it is an impertinence to praise—"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet". Does he know Jefferies; and, if so, one wonders whether, in quoting Thoreau's "The true harvest of my daily life", he might have been quoting "The Story of My Heart"? The one might have written many a secret thought the other had. As to old friends, one turns to Collins's "How sleep the brave," to find it what it will be to the end of literature and time, magically fresh. As to new friends, many a reader well might thank the Poet Laureate for his scrap from Darley:

"... Raising me on ethereal wing,  
Lighter than the lark can spring  
When drunk with dewlight, which the Morn  
Pours from her translucent horn  
To steep his sweet throat in the corn..."

We hope this book of "things holy and high" will find its way to many of our heroes in France, in the East, on the seas, and across the world. The low world will be a little higher through it.

#### EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.

"An Anthology of English Prose. For use in Schools and Colleges." By S. E. Gosrin and A. R. Weekes. University Tutorial Press, London. 2s. 6d. net.

This anthology of English prose differs from most of its fore-runners; it is compiled with abundant good sense. From the great host of English writers thoughtful editing has chosen seventy-eight names, and has divided between them three hundred pages of well-printed text, so that the space given

to these authors averages nearly four pages apiece. Not one of them is killed in a snippet. There is always enough copy to illustrate the character of a writer's mind and the development from age to age of English prose. After an excellent introduction of fourteen pages, the book starts off with Mandeville, Malory, Caxton, Berners, More, and Ascham; it ends with Pater, Stevenson, Lang, Meredith, Hardy, and Kipling. The editors say that preference has been given to what is fresh, living, and truthful, over the mere pomp of dignity and weight. Here they are entirely right, but in two or three other matters they challenge discussion.

Within its limits the choice of writers could not well be bettered, but a few pages added to the book would have enabled the editors to be fair to four sets of prose authors: the men of science, such as Darwin and Huxley; the writers on art, such as R. A. M. Stevenson; recent writers on philosophy, and recent students of social affairs. Authors are important who do not give their minds to fiction. A page by Lord Lister, for example, is of great moment to the whole world. It is true that men of science, like the historians of architecture, rarely illustrate the development of English prose in point of style; but they do other useful and necessary things, which neither schools nor colleges can afford to miss in an anthology of thought expressed in prose.

In a second edition of this good book it will be easy to raise the number of writers from seventy-eight to a hundred. Among the early men we miss Reginald Pecock (1390-1460), John Capgrave, William Tyndale, good Hugh Latimer, George Putterham, whose "Arte of English Poesie" is a piece of Elizabethan criticism, the Puritan Stubbes, Sir John Harrington, Robert Burton; and among the modern thinkers, Mill, Lister, Darwin, Huxley, Bagehot, and half a dozen others.

We offer these views by way of suggestion only, not in a spirit of fault-finding, for the editors have compiled a very useful book, allowing each of their chosen writers to incite his readers to learn more at first hand about his work.

"Caesar and the Germans." By A. H. Davis. Macmillan. 1s.

It was a happy thought to arrange for Caesar the passages wherein the quality and character of the ancient Germans is depicted. This little book gives to the commentaries exactly that air of being alive and pertinent which in the usual classroom they so sadly lack. Mr. Davis is determined that his pupils shall not regard "Caesar" as a mere task consisting mainly in the hunting out of principal verbs and main subjects. He describes Ariovistus as "the limit" in a paragraph heading, and talks of Caesar as winning the V.C. Moreover, he protests against treating a Latin sentence like a jigsaw, and proposes that it shall be read in its due and logical order. Mr. Davis has welcome ideas in the teaching of Latin, for which boys will be grateful. This, too, is a neat little book for the mature reader of Latin, bringing together all Caesar's sayings about the Germans—sayings which are remarkably apposite to-day. Most of what Caesar writes of the Suebi is being written to-day of the Prussians—their military readiness, science, their methodical barbarism, their unsportsmanlike and treacherous habits, their love of loot, their predilection for the offensive and for sabre-rattling and a confident front. Looking at Germany to-day entrenched behind the desolation of Poland, Belgium and Serbia, who will not recall the saying of Caesar: "Civitatibus maxima laus est quam latissime circum se vastatis finibus solitudines habere"? Or again, concerning the conduct of the German armies in Belgium: "Latrocinia nullam habent infamiam quae extra fines cujusque civitatis fiunt".

"The Pandav Princes." By Wallace Gandy. With Introduction, Notes, etc. Macmillan. 1s. net.

The Pandav Princes were the five sons of Pandu, whose brother was king of the Kuru country, and their story has for its scene of action mainly those parts of India that lie along the banks of the Ganges and its tributary the Jumna. It was the Pandav Princes who founded the city of Delhi after the Kuru country was divided between them and their cousins. In those days, about 1,200 years B.C., Delhi was called Indraprastha, and in a terrible war the Pandus rebelled against the monarch of Kuru. They had many allies, and soon all the peoples of Northern India were engaged in this great conflict, called the battle of Kurukshetra. It was the Pandus who won the day, so they ascended the throne of Hastinapura, which had been the royal home of the Kurus. Soon after 1200 B.C. a young prince, named Prashish, came to rule over the stricken people, and the Pandavs gave up the palace for the forest and a life of contemplation, and in heaven's good time were absorbed into the Holy One Himself. Here the story ends.

It is an epic of war, but so full of noble ideas that it is an epic also of high thought and right feeling. Mr. Wallace Gandy, whose translation is a model of simple and loyal charm, has done well to omit a great deal of the religious teaching, because the Holy Song alone, in the version approved by Warren Hastings, would have filled eighty-one pages of this school-book. Mr. Gandy gives to it a chapter of seven pages. "The fight is about to

begin, and the hero, Arjun, halts his chariot between the armies and discourses with his godly companion, Krishna, on whether he should or should not fight. Krishna gives a complete system of rules of conduct, many of which compare with the precepts of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, whilst some of them, if it may be said in this sacred connection, would read like the mottoes which many business houses are now adopting as being up-to-date."

In chapter xii., where several counsellors put the case for peace before the jealousy of Prince Duryodhan, the abbreviated dialogue suggests character in every line. Throughout the story, in fact, there is a dramatising spirit that gives to each actor a separate life and distinction. Mr. Gandy responds to this permeating influence, and the old Indian epic enters with him into our English stories.

"An Outline of Industrial History." By Edward Cressy. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Why does English history end with the battle of Waterloo? The question has often been asked by the young Union debater who feels an uncomfortable gap between his history and his politics. Where history ends and politics begin is not easily said. There is a penumbral zone which has to be filled in by imagination, official biographies, memory or hearsay. This book undertakes to fill the gap for those who are specially interested in the industrial side of our history. This is a valuable contribution to the education of every young man who desires to study the foundations of all modern problems. Mr. Cressy takes his readers back to the origins of English industrial history, but he has always in view his main purpose, which is to bring old history and new politics into touch. Many a political speaker of to-day would be the better for acquiring the habit of seeing the present in perspective and connection with the past, and for breaking the bad habit of keeping politics and history in two separate regions of the brain. What do they know of the present who only the present know? is a searching question, and the answer is not complimentary. Here lies the remedy offered by a careful scholar with the ability to pack much reading in a little room.

"A History of South Africa: From the Earliest Day to Union." By William Charles Scully. With 45 Maps and Illustrations. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

In all respects a useful and necessary handbook. It is very well planned, and its brief narrative has tact and skill and lively interest. Journalists as well as schools will owe much to the research of Mr. Scully. Not a phase in the long history of South Africa from its early exploration and discovery has been neglected; and the publishers have done their work handsomely.

### Life Assurance at Minimum Rates A PLAN of ASSURANCE SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR PRESENT TIMES

— For particulars address the —  
**GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE**

SOCIETY, LIMITED,  
ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, E.C.  
Founded 1848. Funds £10,508,000

**The GRESHAM FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE**  
SOCIETY, LIMITED,

Transacts all classes of Fire and Accident Business.  
Chief Office: ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.

**COUNTY  
FIRE  
OFFICE,**  
Limited,  
50 REGENT ST., W.  
AND  
4 LOMBARD ST., E.C.  
LONDON.

Fire,  
Consequential Loss Following Fire,  
Personal Accident and Disease,  
Workmen's Compensation,  
Domestic Servants,  
Third Party and Drivers' Risks,  
Motor Car and Lift,  
Burglary and Theft,  
Plate Glass,  
Fidelity Guarantee.

Insurances effected on the most favourable terms. The business of this office is confined to the United Kingdom.

FULL PARTICULARS UPON APPLICATION.  
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

JOSEPH A. ROONEY, Secretary.

**PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY**  
(LIMITED),

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £94,000,000  
CLAIMS PAID - - - - £126,000,000



**FORTNUM & MASON'S Specialties**

BY APPOINTMENT.

**Raised Game Pies**  
Home-made, 2 lb. to 6 lb. ... per lb. **3/-**

**Game Pies** in Terrines, made daily by Fortnum & Mason **5/6 to 21/-**

**Yorkshire Pies**  
Also Home-made, in Terrines **4/6 to 21/-**

**Galantine of Chicken**  
Truffled—about 2 lb. ... per lb. **3/6**

**Farrington Brawn**  
Made by Fortnum & Mason ... per lb. **2/3**

**York Ham** Finest quality,  
Matured—Cooked and Dressed ... each **22/6**

**Stilton Cheese**  
First Prize Dairy ... per lb. **1/8**

**Old Cheshire**  
In Splendid Condition ... per lb. **1/3**

**Cigars—Morales**  
Regalia Invencibles—4½ in. Box 50 ... **27/6**  
*Special War Catalogue on application.*

**FORTNUM & MASON, Ltd.**  
182, Piccadilly, London, W.

**DELICIOUS COFFEE**

**RED**

**WHITE**

**& BLUE**

**FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.**

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.

*Safeguard your Health with*

**Dr. J. Collis Browne's**

**Chlorodyne**

**THE BEST REMEDY KNOWN FOR**

**COUGHS, COLDS,**

**ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.**

**Always ask for a "DR. COLLIS BROWNE."**

Cure short attacks of SPASMS, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA. A true palliative in NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, GOUT. Acts like a charm in DIARRHOEA, COLIC, and other bowel complaints. Of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/-, 6/-.

## 5% Exchequer Bonds Explained

FOR the information of the public it may be explained that Exchequer Bonds are a Government security, both Principal and Interest being secured upon the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

The holder of these Bonds is guaranteed the return of his money in full in five years.

The holder of an Exchequer Bond for £100 will receive £100 on December 1, 1920, and will in the meantime receive £5 per annum in interest.

There are important privileges attached to these Bonds in connection with subscriptions for future War Loans.

These Bonds have behind them all the resources of the Nation, as Capital and Interest alike are charged on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

Bankers will advance money on the security of Exchequer Bonds.

Stockbrokers will hold them as security for loans.

They can be sold on the Stock Exchange.

Trustees can hold them by having them registered.

An investor cannot obtain 5% for five years with the same complete security in any other way.

The Bonds will be issued in multiples of £100. There are also £5, £20 and £50 Bonds, full particulars of which can be obtained at any Post Office.

Consult your Banker or your broker if you require more information.

**By subscribing to these Bonds you will be helping to carry on the War and to ensure the success of your Country.**

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Batiffol, L., *The Century of the Renaissance*. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Battine, Captain C., *A Military History of the War*. Hodder. 5s. net.  
 Bridges, R., *The Spirit of the Man*. Longmans. 5s. net.  
 Brown, S. J., *Ireland in Fiction*. Maunsel. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Dickens, B., *Runic and Heroic Poems*. Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.  
 Enock, C. R., *The Tropics*. Richards. 16s. net.  
 Griffiths, W. A., *Tales from Welsh History and Romance*. Century Press. 3s. 6d. net.  
 Hapgood, I. F., *Epic Songs of Russia*. Constable. 4s. 6d. net.  
 Hayward, C. W., *What is Democracy?* Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Hyamson, A., *A Dictionary of Universal Biography*. Routledge. 25s. net.  
 Kennedy, E. J., *With the Immortal Seventh Division*. Hodder. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Knight, A. E., *Amentet*. Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.  
 Lancaster, F. W., *Aircraft in Warfare*. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.  
 Little, P. F., *Thermopylae*. Long. 5s. net.  
 Lowell, A., *Six French Poets*. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.  
 Macy, J., *Comparative Free Government*. Macmillan. 10s. net.  
 Natesan, G. A., *The Indian Review War Book*. Natesan & Co. 7s. 6d. net.  
 Saintsbury, G., *The Peace of the Augustans*. Bell. 8s. 6d. net.  
 Sarolea, Dr. C., *Europe's Debt to Russia*. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.  
 Skaggs, W. H., *German Conspiracies in America*. Unwin. 5s. net.  
 Stephenson, H. T., *The Study of Shakespeare*. Bell. 4s. 6d. net.  
 Strutt, W. M., *Reminiscences of a Musical Amateur*. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.  
 Wood, Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn, *Our Fighting Services*. Cassell. 21s. net.  
 Worsley, A., *Persian Philosophy*. Worsley. 5s. net.

## NOW COMPLETE.

ANNOTATED CATALOGUE OF  
**THEOLOGY AND ITS NEIGHBOURLANDS.**  
 PART II. 80 PAGES.

Post free from

HENRY SOTHERAN &amp; CO.,

140 STRAND, W.C., and 43 PICCADILLY, W.

A few copies of the complete catalogue, 144 pages, 1s. post free.

**FIRE RISK.**—THE LEADING INSURANCE COMPANIES ACCEPT OUR VALUATIONS OF WORKS OF ART, FURNITURE, AND OTHER VALUABLES AS THE BASIS OF POLICIES, THUS SECURING PROTECTION TO OWNERS. INVENTORIES ARE PREPARED IN ALL PARTS OF THE KINGDOM. FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY  
 AUCTIONEERS AND VALUERS,  
 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

**ELY CATHEDRAL.**

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. **MODERATE TERMS.** Omnibus meets all trains.  
 Proprietor, S. AIREY.

**AT BOURNEMOUTH**  
**HYDRO**

Visitors enjoy every Hotel Comfort, with the Baths and Amusements of a Hydro at moderate cost.

**A** YOUNG FRENCHWOMAN (19), experienced in French and English, shorthand and typewriting, seeks an appointment as AMANUENSIS; qualified; best French and English references.—**MADMOISELLE DE F.**, c/o E. M. HARVEY, 56 Moor-gate Street, London, E.C.

**NOTICE.**

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	1	8	2	1	10	4
Half Year ...	0	14	1	0	15	2
Quarter Year ...	0	7	1	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW**

Edited by HAROLD COX.

No. 455.

JANUARY, 1916.

Price 6s.

- THE UNITY OF FRANCE. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.  
 THE HELLENIC FACTOR IN THE PROBLEM OF THE NEAR EAST. J. A. R. MARRIOTT.  
 A NATION OF WORKERS. H. B. MORGAN.  
 MR. BALFOUR'S GIFFORD LECTURES. WILFRID WARD.  
 THE IDEAS OF MAURICE BARRES. ALGAR THOROLD.  
 THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN CHINA. J. O. P. BLAND.  
 LUXEMBURG AND THE WAR. FRANCIS GRIBBLE.  
 THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SUMPTUARY IDEALS. J. B. G. DE MONTMORENCY.  
 NEUTRAL COUNTRIES AND SEA COMMERCE. SIR ALFRED HOPKINSON, K.C.  
 THE MOBILISATION OF INDUSTRY FOR WAR. DR. A. SHADWELL.  
 POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION. EDITOR.  
 LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

**ARTHUR LOVELL'S WORKS**

Expound a practical philosophy of life, rehabilitating in the modern world the original signification of health and healing, and inculcating as the basis of all sound action the need for clear thinking and personal energy. The way of vigorous life is shown in *ARS VIVENDI* (2/- net), and developed mentally and psychically in the other books.—Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. London, E.C.

EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES, SOLICITORS, AND OWNERS SELLING WORKS OF ART, FAMILY JEWELS, OLD SILVER, FURNITURE, PICTURES, PRINTS, MINIATURES, CHINA, COINS, BOOKS, OLD LACE, FURS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, GUNS, TRADE STOCKS AND OTHER VALUABLES, ARE INFORMED THAT MESSRS.

KNIGHT, FRANK &amp; RUTLEY'S

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,

are Open Daily to receive goods intended for public sale.

Auctions on Owners' premises in all parts of the country are held as required.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE  
 COUNTRY AND IF YOU  
 WANT

**The Very Latest War News**

ON SUNDAY MORNING  
 send a Post Office Order for

**4/4**

to the Publisher of the "Evening Standard," 104 Shoe Lane, London, and for six months you will receive at your breakfast table on Sunday morning the SATURDAY SPECIAL EDITION of the

**"Evening Standard"**

The best informed, best edited, and most widely read of any of the penny evening newspapers.